NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1876. | VOLUME XXIV.—No. 11. Price Ten Cents.

THE RACES.

A Steeplechase with a Fatal Episode.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MATT. McARNO.

Over the hurdles,
Over the fences,
Leap the brave horses,
While the blood curdles,
The sight so intense is.
Then over the waterway,
Hardest of courses,
See, they have sought a way!
But now the ground crumbles
And one of them tumbles.

'Tis the end of his tether,
And the startled outsider
Sees brave horse and rider
Roll over together.
The others dash madly
Down into the hollow,
Where the eye scarce can follow,
Half-sadly, half-gladly,
But with some strange revival
Of spirits at feeling
That one dreaded rival
Stands no chance of winning,
But has gone over kneeling
So near the beginning.

They seek the poor fellow—
As if it much mattered!
His colors, once yellow,
Are with purple bespattered;
And over his forehead
Are two ragged gashes—
A sight simply horrid.
His clothing is tattered,
And his face pale as ashes.
He knows that 'tis ending—
This race of existence—
That the flag is descending
Which shuts out his "distance."

The beast's leg is broken,
And with eyes wide asunder
He whinnies his token
Of pain and of wonder.
No language that's spoken
More meaning expresses,
To my way of thinking,
Than the cry which confesses
A horse's wild shrinking.
When, with none of man's errors,
He feels himself sinking
Before the approaches
Of the King of all Terrors.

The poor jockey, dying,
His thin hand outreaches
To where the horse, lying
In mute pain, beseeches
Some slight recognition
Of the service recorded,
When he won his position—
The foremost of places—
And was praised and applauded
In a score of good races.

Over the hurdles
Leap the brave horses,
While the blood curdles,
So boldly contested
Each foot of the course is.
But now they have rested,
And each startled outsider
Finds one horse and rider
(Disobeying the order,
Racing mile upon mile hence)
Have crossed the far border,
Which hushes our laughter,
To the realm of deep silence—
The dreaded Hereafter.

EVELYN DE VERE;

OR,

THE TWO CITIES.

A Life Drama Played on the World's Stage.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY CHARLTON EMMET,
AUTHOR OF "THE TRUE AND THE FALSE, OR WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME."

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CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

There was a change in Stephen Plummer. Now he wore a huge diamond ring worth forty guineas on his fat finger, a thick, curb-gold watch-chain worth thirty, and a watch worth twenty, had stick-up collars, shining black frock-coat, massive scarf-pin, wore Oxonian shoes, salmon-colored gloves, and carried a twenty-five-shilling umbrella.

These things he had certainly got out of his own money, which had been sent him from America, and during his sojourn in Hastings he should not have once spoken of his wife's affairs, pretending almost indifference on the subject. Not so now; the third day of their arrival home he came out in a most business-like manner.

"Now, old girl," he said, meaning to be pleasantly humorous, "it's time we went into our business, aint it?"

"I think so, Stephen," smiled his wife.

"That's right, Ellen—nothing like being in the same mind, is there? Ha, ha! What cash I've got left had better be put with yours, I guess."

"I suppose you will be glad to take care of it, Stephen."

"You bet," responded Stephen with a grin that his wife did not see. "E., what d'ye reckon the average of income is?"

"My interest on the shares in the two companies, together with some house-property I have bought. My income averages £300 a year, or a little over, Stephen."

Stephen made a wry face.

"Hang it! 'taint much, after all, is it? I dessay you've got some tall capital sunk to raise that amount, though."

"Well, I thought it better to accept small returns from a safe investment, than have great expectations which no honest people could carry out."

"Hah, you aint up to specs yet, E., old gal. You must leave that to men. Never mind; I'll soon set matters straight, and see if we can't live in style a bit. My uncle's a good cab and slap-up gig, and I'll have one too."

"You always were a go-ahead, Stephen," smiled his wife good-humoredly. "Well, well, I shall be glad to see you happy. Do the best you can for us both, but don't risk my little property unless you see a safe road to it."

"No fear, E. The fifteen years' experience I've had at different places don't leave me such a greenhorn as I was."

Stephen Plummer seemed in capital spirits today. He was communicative and amiable as they sat together in the pretty parlor over a quiet tea. Mrs. Plummer informed him of her resources, and pretty well all things concerning her.

She gave him up the keys of the old escritoir, and other affairs not belonging solely to her own personal effects, and Stephen found out that he could at a day's notice lay his hands upon two or three hundred pounds in cash, without the balance of his own money.

After a long time that night, when his wife had gone to bed, Stephen Plummer sat pondering over his pipe and the fire. What his mind was dwelling upon it is hard to say—many things—schemes for the future—wild dreams, perhaps, only fit for a reckless boy just beginning life; but a bigger and older, and deeply too, now and nearly all night, and when he got up in the morning he was restless and thoughtful.

At breakfast he looked through the sheet of *The Daily Telegraph*, until one of the advertisements attracted his attention. It gave some particulars of a Land and Investment Company offering large percentage on shares for small premiums, and showing how a person with a few hundred pounds could easily make a fortune.

"Ellen," he said suddenly, "I shall run up to town this morning. If there's anything to be done, it's best done at once."

"Very well Stephen," was the quite response; and, as soon as breakfast was over, Plummer dressed himself and took the train to London with the advertisement of the Land and Investment Company in his pocket. He at once repaired to the office and asked for a prospectus, which was given him by a well-dressed young man, whose politeness was almost overpowering.

Plummer, without reading a word of the prospectus, stated with a tremendously swaggering air that he wanted to know of some good investment. The well-dressed young man looked as though he felt inclined to smile; but, with a gravity that did honor to his years, he begged that Plummer would "step this way," and led him into a small private office that was apparently only a sort of waiting-room.

"Will you give me your card, sir?"

Plummer had not got one, so he gave his name instead; and, after a few moments' solitary waiting, he was for the second time asked to "step this way."

Now he found himself in a handsome office-room, splendidly fitted, and containing several boxes and a huge iron safe. When the well-dressed young man had retired and shut the door, a tall gentleman with short, thick whiskers, and a large moustache that any hungry horse would have taken a fancy to from its likeness to hay in texture and color, looked up from his desk, and, wishing his visitor "Good-morning," begged him to take a seat.

The moment that the gentleman spoke, Plummer sank into the chair as though his legs had suddenly given away, and there he sat, staring, the picture of astonishment, at the stranger facing him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Plummer, I presume?" said the gentleman calmly, evidently objecting to this style of scrutiny. He stretched out his hand to take a pen from the inkstand, but withdrew his arm as suddenly as if he had been bitten, and Plummer burst into a hoarse laugh.

"By Heavens! I thought I knew you. Why——"

"Hold your tongue, Steve Plummer. What could have brought you here? Be careful. Call me Conyer Elston."

Plummer gave vent to an oath.

"To think that I should know you, sir, and was doubtful till I saw your hand; but there's no mistaking that scar, running right from the little-finger joint to the wrist. How long have you been in England?"

"Nearly four years, perhaps more. Well, I am very glad to see you, Steve," said Conyer Elston, holding out his hand. "I had almost forgotten you. Before we go into matters, let me settle a little affair I have on hand. You don't mind?"

"Not me," answered Plummer with a grin of satisfaction; and, setting himself at his ease, he drew out a cigar-case, from which he abstracted a large cigar, and, lighting it with great *sang froid*, sat down and waited.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. CONYER ELSTON.

In a few words you can be perfectly acquainted with Mr. Conyer Elston. Born and educated a gentleman, with a fine, stalwart frame, handsome face, and more than his fair share of assurance, he had managed to scramble through the world on a very moderate allowance from his widowed mother until his second year at college, where his wit, indomitable pluck and wonderful aptitute for mastering his studies and carrying off the honors made him a sort of king amongst his fellows.

His college friends knew him by his real name only, which was not Elston; they knew, too, that he came of good family; that his father had been an army captain and a celebrity of the turf. So Conyer was called a monstrous fine fellow, sought after, flattered, toadied to, and admired by the juniors until he got out of his depth, and did as his grand friends did—gave suppers, rattled dice, played ringtem, hired saddle-horses or a dog-cart or drag, until his debts overtook him, and brought him up with a full stop.

His debts ruined his mother, and ruin broke her heart. A few months' remorse, bitter vows of penitence and solemn promises to keep in the right path, and then he broke out again. His friends were amongst the highest of the land—they made him a member of a St. James club, introduced him to "their people," until he felt that he must do as they did, and he now determined to make money.

Influence and a heavy loan from two friends enabled him to become manager of the Lombard department of the great banking company of which De Vere was chief director. When the crisis came half a dozen sheriff's officers were let loose after Conyer. They had warrants for his arrest, of which a kind friend (well known to the sheriff and their people) informed him for the consideration of a five-pound note, and the now Conyer Elston took a sudden fit in his head to shave off his fine beard and leave the country, believing that change of air would agree with him.

He continued to think so for eleven years, but a short sojourn in New York ended abruptly one night in a gaming-saloon. A tall Yankee, rising to his full height, mildly demanded a pack of cards from the pocket of a stranger. As the words were emphasized by a lon :-barreled revolver which was on a line with Conyer's forehead, Conyer mildly complied with this civil request.

The cards had dark-pink backs, excepting one, and that was a very pale pink. Conyer was called upon to pay the tall Yankee, and he did. Instead of taking out his money, he drew a six-shot Colt from his pocket and fired point-blank at his accuser, who had just time to fire back as he fell. The poor fellow was shot dead, while his bullet only ripped up Conyer's right hand from the little finger to the wrist.

He would surely have been shot to death had not Plummer—who was there—and two others stood by him until the police broke in, only to find the place empty and in darkness, with the ghastly form of the tall Yankee lying, pistol in hand, pallid and blood-stained—all that death left of him.

Mr. Conyer Elston wrote a few letters, while Plummer waited, smoking his cigar and picturing to himself that scene in the American gaming-house when they last met.

"Here's a difference now, aint there?" he said, unable to keep his thoughts entirely to himself. "Son of Cæsar! I remember nothing but rags, smoke, flames, scrimmage and darkness, and now 'ere we are cosy as two pups in a clothes-basket, and you, sir, just as cool as a Turk with a pound of opium, and as much conscience than the wants of the starving poor, who've to shiver themselves to death, when a 'alf of them big sums given to a man because he 'appens to be locked up by mistake would buy coals for half the poor devils in the East of London."

Elston laughed, and touched a hand-bell, and an attendant appeared,

"Take these letters, Dixon, and I am out at present, if anyone calls."

"Yes, sir."

"No fear of interruption now, Steve," said Elston, when the door closed, and Dixon's footsteps had died away. "It is strange that we should meet as we do. We have both had a strange past. I suppose we were to meet. Have you entirely given up nautical affairs?"

"How the doose can I do anythin' in that line, since they've taken my certifykit?"

"You can seek to be doing well, however."

"Well, yes," grinned Plummer; "I 'ave dropped in for a good thin'. I've married Old-Bri'ley's widder—old De Vere's housekeeper."

"When?"

"Few weeks ago."

"De De Vere's child still living?" asked Elston, with a vacant stare in his eyes.

"Yes, and aint she a beauty too? Mighty Jonathan, she is a Princess," and Plummer laughed.

"Poor old Jim, he only got away in time to escape the bloomhounds. What a thorough gentleman Jim De Vere was, with his grave, gentle face, and quiet, thoughtful ways."

"Yes, you speak phillingly—he-he."

"Don't, Steve, there's a good fellow. My nerves won't stand that sort of thing now," and he spoke so gravely that Plummer sat silent and abashed. "How long have you been in England?"

"Only a few months. What brought you back here? I thought you would have had enough to 've done the swell abroad."

"So I should have, but there was a dead run of ill-luck on me, and I had only just enough to start myself with. I am on 'Change now, and made two or three good hits; this company helps to keep my name respectable, and gives one a little better social standing than a stockbroker's jackal is likely to get."

"Is this company up to anything?"

"As much as many others, if we only have the luck. The business is *bona fide*, and simple enough, but we couldn't stand a shake. It wants capital, and a good deal of it. If you have twenty houses, we will lend you so much on them; well, then, we raise money on the mortgage; so things pass from one hand to the other, so that it is simply a system of borrowing and lending until there is not a scrap of money left for interest. I am going to walk over to the Bank. Will you come? We can have some luncheon at the Palmerston. You will see men of nearly every nation there. We can drive over—my phæton is still at the door. I have a working partner here; he will arrive presently. Don't forget, Steve; either call me Conyer or Elston."

"I shall remember, you bet."

Mr. Elston led his friend out of the gorgeous offices. At the door there was a handsome phæton, with a tax-room for two in front and a seat for a groom behind. Plummer was amazed with this splendid turnout, for the horse looked worth a hundred guineas, and the groom, who stood staring at the horse's nose, was such as Steve thought "Dooks" alone could employ.

Elston motioned for Plummer to take his seat, and, mounting after him, took up the reins and drove on as if he intended leaving the groom behind; but that active individual, to Steve's great astonishment, jumped up into his seat while the vehicle was in motion.

Elston drove to the Royal Exchange, where a great number of persons, well dressed and apparently well-to-do, nodded, touched or raised their hats to Elston as he passed. Plummer felt proud of his company, and looked round upon the people with an air that said: "Look, this is my friend, and therefore I am included in all this popularity."

Elston stopped to do a little business in this busy neighborhood, but did not stop long. Afterwards he drove to Palmerston Buildings, that magnificent stone and brick body of chambers and offices that makes one cry out shame against the musty, dirty, dark and incommodious dens that have too long been the resort of some of our wealthiest commercial men.

"You can come back in two hours, George," said Elston, as he alighted here. The groom touched the brim of his hat. Elston was in the act of leading his friend away when Plummer uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Dad, sir! that's my wife."

There she was, about to enter an omnibus.

"Bring her here, Steve."

Steve rushed across the road and caught her by the arm. She had not seen him, she said, and was surprised. He laughed, and led her to where Elston was standing, and introduced her. Mrs. Plummer looked in astonishment at the gentleman and his splendid equipage. She did not recognize him. Conyer remembered her well enough, and asked her if she would lunch with them.

She was grateful for the offer, but declined. Steve was very anxious to know what had brought her into the city, put her in a cab, and said he would be home early.

Mrs. Plummer shook hands with the gentlemen, and was driven to the station, happy and smiling. She thought that Steve was proud of her, and her heart glowed. She prepared a nice meal in the evening for him, and waited many weary hours. What was her disappointment when he never returned at all! That night she shed bitter tears of anger, but in the morning she was nervous and anxious. Later in the day she received a brief note from him. He was all right, he said; "away on business;" would be home soon. The words were shaky and straggling. He had been drinking. His wife could see that by the writing, and her heart misgave her. He did not come home that day, and the next day her mind was distracted a bit from her silent sorrow by the arrival of Strong, who came with his daughter to see "the good lady."

Mrs. Plummer said the child might go in, if Strong was going where he could call as he came back.

The child approached Mrs. Plummer timidly. She was clean, but very poorly clad, her hair was wet and brushed flat as though it had been mangled, her face was pinched and pale, and her large, mournful eyes had a dark look in them that made her seem, oh, so sadly old.

Mrs. Plummer drew the child towards her, and glanced earnestly into the motherless one's sorrowful face.

"What is your name, my poor child?"

"Nelly, if you please, ma'am; Nelly Strong, and my mother's dead, and her heart into tears with a sob that was enough to shatter her poor little grief-rent heart into cold and bloodless fragments.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COMING DARKNESS.

'Hush, darling; don't cry," said Mrs. Plummer kindly, and drawing Nelly to her motherly bosom. "Your mother has gone to a happier world than this, my dear," and poor Elston sighed very much as if she could have cried too. "Was your mother good to you?"

"Yes, ma'm."

"Your father?"

"Yes, ma'm."

"And what is your father going to do with you now?"

"Try and send me to school, ma'm."

"And would you like to go to school?"

"Oh, yes, ma'm; that I should, so much. I can read a little, incompany now," answered Nelly, drawling out the words and sniffling back her sobs with a very creditable effort, not to distress the lady.

Ellen glanced at the pale, pinched face with a deep yearning in her heart—yearning that had been there for many, many years—a yearning felt and understood only by those who are childless. Oh! that terrible, terrible vacancy, that nothing could fill—how often has the contemplation of it brought a long wail of anguish from childless Ellen. In her great loneliness her heart seemed to open to this little, motherless waif. She seemed to think that this child would be a companion and a comfort to her.

"Would you like to stay with me, my darling?"

"Oh, ya ma'm."

"You shall see your father every day, if he likes, and go to school and wear pretty frocks."

Poor little Nelly was grateful. She showed it in her face and large, mournful eyes, her tears, and her blushes, for she could not speak.

"And you will stay with me always?"

"Oh, yes, ma'm, please."

"So you shall, pretty pet," said Mrs. Plummer. "Tell your father to come to me this evening, and you come back and stay now."

And so, when the evening came, good-hearted Mrs. Plummer told her intention to Jasper Strong. The poor fellow was too overcome with gratitude to speak; tears were in his eyes, and a lump rose in his throat that choked his utterance. He blessed his daughter's benefactress, and went back to his employment a happier man. And all this time where was Plummer? Ellen knew nothing of him since his first note, and she began to think that something had happened to him, though her alarm was yet unfounded.

When Steve had parted with her that day in front of Palmerston Buildings, he went arm-in-arm with Conyer Elston up the entrance-steps of the solemn and imposing edifice, trying very hard to assume the air of his companion, and with about as much success as a baboon.

"This is a rum place, Conyer, old boy," he said with an immense swagger, and waving his cigar in the air: "but doost if I see where a fellow is likely to get drunk. All I see is stone staircases, doors, porter's lodge, and that kind of thing."

Elston laughed.

"Look there," he said as they turned into another stone hall: "see in front of you."

"Well, I'm dashed! Why, we're a place to be down there!" exclaimed Steve, as the word "Restaurant," written seemingly only a few feet above the paved floor, met his range of vision.

"Ah, wait and see, my friend," smiled Elston, leading his friend down a stone staircase, up which we carried the din and hum of very lively existence.

Steve was astonished to find a handsomely fitted and well-attended dining-room, with rows of separate tables, many occupied by foreigners of nearly all nations. There was a wine-bar, too, with the additional attraction of two fair-haired, smiling Dianas, ready and happy to serve you with whatever your pocket would afford, or inclination desire, in the form of refreshments.

"Well, 'pon me soul," said Steve aghast, as Elston motioned him to take a seat at one of the tables in the dining-room, "if ever I did find meself in such a place. Splendid, and underground; right out of the way: no fear of rough customers down here."

"Rough customers are not always the worst to deal with, my friend," said Conyer, marking on a carte what he would like for his luncheon and handing it to Steve, that he might choose his fare. "In nearly all cases your rough customer is rough simply, and at the worst talks badly, may not smell oversweet, look clean, or understand the value of civility. The black sheep who get scattered amongst the social herd of good men in a place like this are not only to be avoided, but feared, because you never know them until some circumstance finds them out, and then you can't always assert what you may feel to be the truth. Waiter!"

Conyer's call was immediately answered by one of the waiters, and, after a few words concerning the condition of certain viands at this particular hour of the day, an order was given for a very light meal.

"This being our reunion after many years' separation," said Conyer, "we may as well go in for it a bit."

"Yes, you're right. By Jove! I never thought that night, when the tall Yankee lay S——"

"Hush, Steve! Don't be a fool," continued Conyer in a low voice.

"There's only furriners in the room, 'cept the waiters——"

"Pooh! Don't ever coax yourself into any such belief, my friend. There are English here; and, besides, all these foreigners, who seem so intent on their own gabble and suction, speak and understand English, and are watching us, seeing your face is a stranger's here. Talk low, though it's better to avoid all mention of that or any other affair connected with the old times unless we are alone. Waiter! you may bring me a bottle of Burgundy. How do you like matrimony, Steve?"

Steve shrugged his shoulders.

"The old gal's a good sort enough. She's not a bad 'un, but before you invest your spare *nickies* on them, dis-*spense* with your enthusiasm and *wait* a while.

"Then, there's the Brooklyn Mutuals. They have got a fine *start*, but prejudiced people say they won't *hold* worth a cent.

The New Havens are showing a *fleet* foot in the race, but before you invest your spare *nickies* on them, dis-*spense* with your enthusiasm and *wait* a while.

The Bostons, happening to have a *moral* set of players, may possibly do what is *right*. Still even that is doubted, since their craft has received a new *manning*.

The "wooden nutmeggers" invest a spare *bond* on the Hartfords being able to *carve* everything before them; but, for all that, you must allow they have their short *comings*.

The enemies of the Chicagos assert that they were all brought up in *barns*, and haven't got the hayseed out of their hair yet, and that their *white* pitcher is greatly stuck up with *spalding's* glue. This is a downright libel, and the boys will soon show their opponents how to play "I'm on *Peter's* land," etc.

The St. Louis nine are "*battin*" pretty well; yet, for all that, victory don't always *blong* to them.

If the Louisvilles will only stop their "*denin*" a while, possibly with the aid of their *carbine* they may shoot ahead, and their friends will rejoice to see them *hasting* to the front.

And so we could run on for a week with our base calculations; but, with a malice towards none and charity for all, we will say "a *fair field* and no favor."

MLLE. BLANCHE ROSAVELLA, Prima Donna Soprano.

Conyer and Plummer went into the dining-room, and they sat down to smoke and drink and chat over the past and the future, and they talked far into the night. Conyer was going to give a dinner the next day, and Steve was to attend. He was delighted, and promised. The next morning they went to town together, and the upshot of this was that, between business and pleasure and dissipation, Merton Villa was forgotten, as well as its gentle-hearted mistress. When at length Plummer returned, he sent a note on ahead to say that he was coming, and towards the close of the day he drove up in a handsome gig, withsilver round the boxes of the wheels, and silver-plated lamps. He was bleary-eyed, and good-humoredly influenced by drink. Poor Mrs. Plummer could read at a glance the life he had been leading while away, and her heart recoiled. She dreaded for herself, and for those about her, if this continued. For she knew full well how it would end. The horse and gig was his, he said, and he would put it out at livery until he got a stable.

He talked wildly of what he intended doing; took his wife for a drive the next day, and so won over her poor, good heart that she was never going to doubt him again—never! and gave him a letter to her lawyer, saying that the whole of her own affairs were in future entirely under her husband's control, and that whatever he did she would not interfere with by word or deed. Triumph number two for Stephen Plummer! The race had commenced, course was clear. Drive on, Stephen Plummer! there is the winning-post, not far ahead. While for you, poor, simple Ellen, mark the abyss gaping wider and wider in your path—that in your path—the road. The coming caress of roguery and deceit is blinding you. Oh! for the light that shall reveal to you the pitfall so well hid, with all its horrors of mental and physical destruction!

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR ENGRAVING.

Mlle. Blanche Rosavella made her debut on the operatic stage in Covent-garden Theatre, London, Eng., Saturday, April 15, 1876, singing quite successfully Violetta in "La Traviata." She is said to have been the first native-born American who ever made her debut in that theatre. Her real name is Blanche Tucker, and she is a daughter of the Hon. William H. Tucker, a distinguished lawyer, at present residing in La Crosse, Wis. She was born in Sandusky, O., in 1856. While residing in Chicago, Ill., some three years ago, she sang and obtained an audience of Mme. Pauline Lucca, to whom she stated that she had a great desire to become a public singer. Mme. Lucca, after hearing her sing, gave her much encouragement, and advised her to lose no time in studying forthwith the Italian language. She also said that would not be the thing.

"That all seems to be pretty well up here," he said, glancing round the room and noticing how well dressed most of them were. "Regular swells!"

Conyer laughed.

"Look over your shoulder," he said. "You see those two young men playing billiards?"

"Yes. French chaps, aint they?"

"It's hard to tell. They, like a good many others here, speak two or three different languages equally fluently or indifferently. They have high-sounding names, but they don't possess a penny. I knew them when they were in an English firm not far from here. They used to play, bet, drink and smoke just the same as now. There were three of them then; one got seven years for being too clever and falsifying a few checks, and the other got reasonably to have attempted; and I dare say those lively gentlemen will get the starch taken out of their cuffs and collars in one of our penal prisons some day."

"How do they manage it, then?"

"There are many first-class traders get gulled by these gentlemen. They can be very useful in a firm that may have foreign branches. But if they get you at all in their hands, then look out. Simply to all appearance they are gentlemen—they live, act and speak like gentlemen of their kind. As a rule, I know pretty nearly all in the room; to-day I don't. Some other day I will interest you with an account of the ways, means and business of some of them."

"They're not all like those two playing billiards?"

"Oh, dear no! You will rub your shoulders up against a number of very first-class men in this place—men worth knowing. Give me a light, Steve—thanks."

For a few minutes the pair puffed their cigars in silence. Elston was watching some of the faces that he had seen before. Steve was contemplating the scene wonderingly, and interested. He began to wish he was one of those "good men." He wanted to be amongst them, and he was already cogitating over sundry propositions which he intended to submit to his friend Conyer as soon as they could find time for a confidential chat.

"I should like to see De Vere's daughter," said Conyer thoughtfully. "Anything like her parents, Steve?"

"Yes; quiet, like her father, with her mother's beauty—reg'lar princess."

"Well, some day I may have my wish gratified. Time's up, Steve. We must be going—one or two calls to make, and then for as much fun as you like."

Conyer put his watch back into his pocket as he spoke, and, drawing on his gloves, took his leave of the comfortable resort, followed by the swaggering Steve Plummer.

And so we could run on for a week with our base calculations; but, with a malice towards none and charity for all, we will say "a *fair field* and no favor."

GOOD PLACE TO STOP AT.—Going over the Lowell Railway the other day was a fussy little man who was in evident doubt as to which of two New Hampshire cities it would be advisable for him to *stop* at over night. He questioned the conductor as long as that worthy would stop to listen, and then turned to the other occupant of the seat, a thick-necked, short-haired party, and queried: "Is C—— a good place to stop at?" "Fus-rate," growled his companion. "Did you ever stop there?" asked the anxious traveler. "Yes, went up there to stay for one night, and stopped for ten years." "You don't say!" said the delighted interrogator. "What 'd you do 'n where 'd you stay?" "Opened a store, and staid in the State-prison," responded the gruff one; and the little gentleman changed seats and cars at the next station.

"POVERTY'S SUNSHINE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. MARY M. GUNNISON.

A feeble child on an old curbstone
Played in the sunshine all alone,
Till above the noise and mingled din
She heard a voice that said "Come in."

She quickly turned: "My mother, dear,
Will they make you pay if I sit here?
Who owns the sunshine?" sweet and mild
Came the voice of the little child.

The mother looked, but answered not,
And went again to her cheerless cot,
Where poverty with gloomy pall
Had spread its darkness over all.

And all day long the sunshine played
Hide-and-seek with the little maid;
Within were want and woe and care—
Outside, His sunshine everywhere.

On the rich and poor, and free to all
Is the sun, as air, or showers that fall.
In the gay barouche, on the cold, bare stone,
To each heart the sunshine is its own.

Take courage, soul! In His tender care
The rich and poor have an equal share;
Whatever woe on the heart may fall,
God giveth His sunshine unto all.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PROFESSOR T. W. TOBIN.

Crockersville is a small village about seven miles from the city of Yorktown, England. It does not lie on any main line of road, excepting its own from Yorktown. No railway has approached within five miles of its boundaries. It has no manufactory, and consequently has remained for the past hundred years very much in the same condition that you will find it in to-day. Civilization has not advanced it sufficiently to warrant the establishment of a local newspaper—indeed, it would prove a poor speculation to try the experiment of starting one, for the village-gossips are the telegraph, the council, and the corporation of the place. Its principal interests and communications with the outside world are of course centered in Yorktown. The population of Crockersville, according to the last census, was five hundred and fifty souls.

The village church, as you would at once conjecture on seeing it, is a very old structure, probably dating as far back as the Saxon era. It stands a short distance from the village, on a slight eminence, has an old, square tower, covered with ivy, a clock that never shows the correct time and invariably strikes the wrong number of hours, a vestry, chancel, a west door, and an east window—in short, all the usual adjuncts of a mediæval edifice. The churchyard surrounds the church, and occupies a valley; and, with its sombre yews and weeping willows shadowing the peaceful graves of the departed, you might aptly apply to it the term of "Sleepy Hollow." In broad daylight it is a secluded retreat; but at midnight, bathed in the cold rays of the moon, and with stillness only equaled by death itself, the scene is awe-inspiring, and makes one feel a cold, involuntary shudder to think of it. Crockersville is the country-seat of the Crocker family, and the Crocker family dates back to the time of William the Conqueror. They could go back farther if necessary; but it is not considered proper or fashionable in English families to penetrate through that questionable period when everybody acquired all that he had by robbing others, and nobody interfered because engaged in a like pursuit.

The late representative of the Crockers, Sir Giles, was a truly bad and profligate man—an oppressor of the poor, and disliked by everybody. His debaucheries had brought him low in health, and seeking, by the advice of doctors, the seclusion of his country-seat, fever had set in, and in three days he was dead. And now preparations were being made for interment in the family vault. This structure was in the northeast corner, outside the church, and contained all that now remained of the representatives of a hundred generations of the Crockers, being occasionally opened to receive other contributions to its already well-filled contents. The sexton had been at work during the day in lifting off the covering-stone and loosening the cement of the brick-work, for effecting ingress to the sepulchre, while the body lay in state in the Hall. Many a visitor, gazing upon the marble corpse and in the awful presence of the dead, dared wonder what future followed the life of infamy that had left that frame. Sir Giles was only a name, and no one had cause to fear his power now. All becoming obsequies were performed, and nothing remained but to lay him side by side with his fathers.

It was a dark day in December. Snow had been falling during the early part of the morning. The elements were quiet when the cortege passed from the house towards the churchyard and arrived at the verge of the grave. The mourners, about thirty in number, had gathered around; ladies and gentlemen were in readiness, and at the solemn words of the clergyman: "Ashes to ashes," the body was lowered gently, followed by the sexton and two gravediggers, with lanterns, to place it in its last resting-place. Hardly had the coffin touched the ground when a shriek, followed by a crash, proceeded from the depths; then an intolerable effluvium that almost blasted the air with its presence, and, with face pale as death itself, appeared the sexton, who, with a leap, bounded from the vault; then came rushing out, first, scarcely less pale, but more scared, and his teeth chattering with fear; gravedigger the second was lying senseless at the bottom. To say that everybody's hair stood on end would be figuratively true; and a cold sweat ran down each cheek was actually appended. To run away singly no one dared, and, as a group of statuary, all were fixed to the spot. What had taken place? Had they seen a ghost? Had the dead come again to life? Had the very incarnation of Satan himself appeared to them to claim his own? No one ventured to ask, nor could the witnesses of the occurrence relate what they had seen, even if speech permitted them. At last the clergyman, more brave than the rest, summoned courage to demand of the sexton what was the matter.

"There," pointing down the open sepulchre, said he, gasping for breath. "They're all alive!"

And another cold shiver came over the assembly, as if an electric shock had struck them simultaneously.

Words fail to describe how the cortege returned to the mansion—how, after a long interval, their reason returned, but their fear remained unabated—how they one and all stayed that night together, fearful of separating from one another's company. There was but one opinion—the whole family had risen from the grave to object to the reception of this their last member, and then they said:

"How far will they carry their objection and visit it upon the living, time only can reveal."

Next day the gossips had it through the village, and the clergyman, who was as much in fear as anybody, ventured to visit and console the more well-to-do neighbors. No telegraph could have taken the news quicker to Yorktown, for the afternoon a special reporter from *The Yorktown Herald* was sent over; and, after venturing into the graveyard, descending three steps of the ladder down the vault, and seeing nothing, he went back and wrote a long account, in the next morning's special issue, of his adventures "on the borders of another world."

Two days later it was necessary to guard the churchyard by police, to keep order amongst the numerous visitors; but no one had the heart or courage, especially after reading *The Herald's* account, to go down into the vault. Meantime the second gravedigger had recovered, and added his version of what he had witnessed after his companions left him. The sexton and gravediggers, all three of them, substantially agreed in describing some awful apparitions that they had witnessed, but their accounts were vague. The chief fact seemed to amount to the "coffins having all come to life," as they described it. The sexton declared he actually saw one open, its occupant walk out and emphatically protest against their intrusion. The first gravedigger felt, or thought he felt, a hand grasp him by the throat. But however the accounts had been exaggerated, if at all, everybody felt conscious that something awful had really taken place.

Amongst the visitors on the second day was the charitable-hearted and good-tempered Dr. Aloes. Everybody, from children upwards, knew and respected Dr. Aloes—some even carried their respect so far as to almost worship him. His presence inspired confidence, and "if the Doctor goes in, I go, if I die or see a ghost," said one; "Or am carried away by Satan himself, so long as the Doctor's with me," said another. Brushing his way without difficulty through little crowds gathered about, he soon became the centre of interest. With a bound and a step he was in less than a minute on the top of the vault, and in another minute his head disappeared down the ladder into its interior. The interval that he was away from their sight seemed never to come to an end. The brave-hearted volunteers had paused some six feet away from the vault, and regarded it as a dynamite magazine about to explode. In less than two minutes more, which seemed more like as many years, the little Doctor's head once more appeared. They might have raised a general cheer had they followed the dictates of their feelings, but the pale countenance of the doctor checked their exuberance. Something serious had occurred—the face was marked in his face—he had seen something supernatural, and had failed in his power to lay the ghost. The scene he encountered was evidently what he had not anticipated. He imagined what had recently taken place to have been the result of a fevered brain or of defective senses on the part of the sexton and gravediggers—something that his own cool reason would be able to dispel; but it was otherwise. There, as he had heard related, the coffins had by some supernatural means been endowed with will and power, and the result was not easy for anyone in his calm senses to contemplate, especially in the darkness of the tomb. To all interrogatives the good-natured Doctor said but little, and shook his head; and thus the mystery deepened.

The next day *The Yorktown Herald* had a sensation article about "Crockers' Vault." Someone, according to their account, had been playing a practical joke, and had gone down into the vault prior to the funeral to displace the coffins. And it went so far as to interview one of the implicated parties, "whose name for certain reasons was withheld from publication." On the other hand, the thoughtful *Tribune* mildly suggested that, had such a thing occurred, there would have been traces of a breach in the brickwork inclosing the vault on every side, which there were not.

The clergyman preached on the following Sunday, warning his congregation that it was the expression of Providence against their sins. "Not only," said he, "will the dead rise in judgment against you in their graves, but come into your chambers, unless you repent." A fanatic correspondent wrote the papers, mildly suggesting that "the great millenium had probably come and gone, in which the dead had participated without the living being aware of the fact." Cross old nurses frightened their charges with stories of "Crockers' Vault;" and as the Spring wore on young men would accompany young maidens through the secluded lanes and relate the story, embellished and illustrated, while the coy maidens would shudder, nestling their fair locks on their protectors' shoulders and utter: "How awful!" Time wore on, and the grave was closed, cemented and sealed, but no one had dared to alter the disposition of its contents.

Previously to leaving the vault, let us have the courage to visit its interior. Descending by a ladder some fifteen feet, in total darkness, by the aid of a lantern you perceive a brick chamber about twelve feet wide and twenty feet long. On each side are slate shelves in tiers, on which lie the coffined bodies of the new arrivals—or, I should say, more correctly speaking, "did lie once"—and each space was docketed with the name of its occupant. But now the case was different, and herein was the mystery. The coffins had one and all come out of their places, and lay about in the most ridiculous position. The scene would suggest that a prize-fight had been going on. Two coffins, Sir Richard's and Sir William's, had apparently joined in combat; had fought and fallen, after being much bruised, one across the other. In the centre of the vault, the former Sir John was standing as an umpire, bolt upright against the wall, and to get a more correct view had ventured out of the coffin, for the half-clad skeleton had fallen on the top of the former combatants; while all the remainder of the family coffins on the upper tiers, dissatisfied with their point of view, had quietly come down from their elevated positions, taken the lower shelves, and tilted over in all manner of comical positions. The coffins were all lead, encased in wood. In many instances the decayed wooden covers had been thrown about in every direction, indicating that some hard fighting had been going on prior to victory. Sir William had evidently got the worst of it; Sir Richard was on the top of him; while old Sir John, from his position, evidently had decided in favor of the latter.

Dr. Aloes was said by all who knew him to have sensibly changed in disposition since his memorable visit to the tomb, and the Summer passed without any fresh revelations being thrown on the subject. One thing was certain—the movements of the Crockers were confined to their vault, for no one had any visitations from them, and the late Sir Giles' property was, as far as possible, charitably disposed of to insure the repose of his spirit.

It was the custom of Doctor Aloes, on rising every morning, to take an early cold bath. This he had done for years, and was about continuing his practice on the morning of the 15th of August succeeding the "Crocker mystery." He would have jumped out of his bath and dressed as usual, had not something struck his attention. In his act of getting out, the soap-bowl and soap had imperceptibly been tilted into the water, and was floating about from one end of the bath to the other. With a jump and a scream, like another philosopher in a like situation, he cried "Eureka! Eureka!" to the topmost bent of his voice, and in an abstract mood then partook of a hurried breakfast.

"Why, what's the matter, doctor?" said his prim housekeeper, when he appeared at table with no collar, and his necktie on one side.

"Nothing! nothing!" said he good-naturedly, and in a few minutes he was in his dogcart and away to the churchyard. It did not take him long to get the sexton once more to open the vault, and, with the aid of a ladder, he was again at the bottom, while the sexton, not yet by any means recovered from his great fright, stayed at a respectable distance, and, as he imagined, out of ghost-reach. With a look around and an examination of the walls of the vault, again the doctor jumped into the middle of the vault, splashing himself with m

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

W. H.—"A and B agree to play a match at billiards or any other game where the laws of chance are equal; the best 4 in 7. A wins the two first games. At this stage it stands—A to win the match must win two games in five, and B to win must win four games in five. At this stage what are the odds that A wins the match"....Theorists maintain that as B has now seemingly to accomplish just twice as much as A, the odds is two to one in favor of the latter; but this is fallacious, whether the game is one of skill and chance allied, or one of chance alone. If the game is tossing a copper, it is now at least seven against one that B does not win four times out of five, on the same principle as that, before the copper was tossed at all, it was fifteen to one that neither would win the first four tosses. But if the game is billiards or "old sledge," then practically there is no odds; for in such games the "laws of chance" are modified or entirely set aside by will-power, and by the incomputable moral effect of victory or of defeat. Any of us would prefer to win the first game, rather than to lose it; but neither the winning nor the losing of it has any direct bearing upon the second game, apart from the "moral effect," which may demoralize B and so insure A's ultimate success, or may bring about A's defeat by rendering him vain or overconfident. There is a mere presumption in favor of A, but no odds; and, assuming the players to be equal in strength, is no more than odds that A will win the second game after he has won the first by 100 to 1, than if he had won it by 100 to 99. The presumption in A's favor, while not affected by his single success, is increased by every game he wins, but there will still be no determinable odds, for we cannot ascertain how much is chance and how much is skill. One man may feel sure that he is the better player of no one, another that it is but two to one, and yet another that it is practically nothing. No one can even approximately tell what it is; and experience shows that in both Hards and cards the man who thinks it nothing will win most money in the long run. This is practically true even of cases (like Rudolphs vs. Cyrille Dion, and Maurice Daly vs. Joseph Dion) in which one player has run one-third or one-half the game before the other has had a shot.

J. H. C., Harrisburg.—"John Case bets that John Deery beat Louis Fox at Rochester, N. Y., at Corinthian Hall, for the champion cue of America. I, John Case, bet that Louis Fox never was champion of America. I, James Crulluss, bet that he did play and did win the championship of America."....The foregoing is an exact copy of the communication. It is not easy to understand exactly what "John Case" is betting upon. The facts bearing upon the communication are as follows, and the parties can themselves decide their disputes: 1. John Deery never beat Louis Fox at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, for the champion cue of America. 2. Louis Fox was champion of America. 3. Louis Fox did play for the championship of America. 4. Louis Fox ceased to be champion of America by playing for it. 5. The only time he ever played for it in Rochester was on Sept. 7, 1855, at Washington Hall (afterwards Henry Griffin's billiard-room), when John Deery won him by a score of 1,300 to 1,465. Fox had accepted the championship on the prior May 16 through forfeiture on the part of Dudley Kavanagh at the Everett Rooms, this city. 6. "John Case" is wrong both times, and loses, as we understand his position.

A. B AND C, Cambridgeport.—1. At three-handed casino any player can claim game on cards as soon as he has eight of them, provided he also knows that the remainder of the cards are so divided that neither of his opponents can possibly get eighteen. 2. There is really no bet to be decided here. The dispute is as to hypothetical one—in other words, it is "begging the question." 3. As the penalty of calling cards, when the caller has not the cards, is the loss of the game, no player is likely to call out on eighteen when it is possible for his opponent to have nineteen.

W. J. R., Boston.—A. Waldauer of St. Louis, Mo., dramatized a German novel entitled "The Cricket," expressly for Miss Maggie Mitchell, and named his drama "Fanchon." It contained the festival scene and shadow dance as now given. The piece was originally the exclusive property of Miss Mitchell; but so many persons obtained copies of it surreptitiously, and performed the play, that she caused it to be published, and abandoned her exclusive right. A. Reichardt, of the Bowery theatre, was the musician, arranged the music. "Fanchon" was first produced on any stage at De Bar's Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., in May, 1861. We cannot give you the original cast.

MOUNTAIN CITY, Altoona.—"Who is the arbiter informs the umpire and captain of the opposite nine that he has a man to run for him, and that man gets ready and is prepared to run, the arbiter has the right to refuse to permit the substituting at home plate, do you not think the umpire should recognize only the man appointed to run and put the striker out at first base?".....The rule says "the substitute shall be the player running the base," and it is by no means a batsman necessarily is. The umpire should recognize the substitute only as the baserunner.

A. A., W.—B is at second base. A on third, and C strikes a foul ball, on which A runs, and on his return on the foul fails to retouch second base. C then hits a ball to second base, on which the second-base player holds the ball there, and claims B is out for not touching his base. C in the interim going to first base, not being put out, A going home on C's strike of the fair ball. Does C's run count?.....2. Suppose that the home-base was touched before the second-baseman held the ball at second, inasmuch as the striker was not put out, nor was there a man forced off.

P. F. R.—"I am an American citizen, but I am not a native-born one. I have been living in Ireland for three years for pleasure. I had a son born there. Is that boy eligible to the office of President of the United States of America?.....As the law is interpreted to-day, and as it has been interpreted for many years, that son, when arriving at the age of thirty-five years, will be eligible to the Presidency of the United States.

T. D. HOLLOWOOD, Lagrange.—1. The morning-up of jack put the dealer out. 2. The jack counts for the turner-up, even though the cards are subsequently run. 3. B is entitled to the game, as he has played an odd card, and A nothing. This assumes that A had the foul hand. If B had it, then he can count nothing, and A is entitled to all he can make. The time to claim a misdeal is before a trick has been turned.

C. A.—Get an interview with the manager of some variety theatre in a small city, tell him your wishes, and offer to play one or more nights for nothing. If he expresses satisfaction with your performances, then solicit an engagement, and accept such salary as he may offer. This will give you a start, and you can work your own way afterwards.

C. L. N., Cleveland.—1. The original and only Gus Williams, Dutch comique, is now traveling with Tony Pastor's Combination. 2. The English yacht that competed for the cup in 1870 was the Livonia, owned by James Asbury. 3. The ace is high in cutting for deal at seven-up. 4. Everything goes, except the points made by the holder of a misdeal.

F. W. B., Fergus Falls.—1. The rule governing the running of bases on foul balls was amended in both codes. In the League code it allows a base-runner to return to his base on a foul bound, or on a foul fly not caught, but not on a foul fly. In the Amateur code he can return on either. 2. If the batsman refuses to strike the first fair ball, he incurs the penalty of "one strike."

G. W. R.—1. Census of 1870: St. Louis, 310,864; New York, 922,331; Washington, D. C., 109,204. 2. Lola never beat Goldsmith Maid's best time. Have not heard of her in a long time. 3. The width of the Mississippi River proper is 2,900 miles. 5. If you mean Bunker Hill Monument, Boston, its height is 221ft. 6. What monument in Washington?

J. G., Cincinnati.—"The following dispute occurred at a recent game of cribbage. A played a 9, B a 7, A a 6, and B an 8 and claims a sequence of four; but A will only allow a sequence of 3. A's claim is correct, as the 4 spot was covered and consequently could not be counted. Please decide."....B is right.

ENGLISHMAN, Southtown.—1. The lady is in this city. 2. No horse has ever run a mile in a minute. 3. Have no record of such a defeat. 4. If two clubs agree to end play at any special inning after the fifth, no forfeit can be declared on either side if one nine leaves the ground at the appointed time.

AMATEUR, South Boston.—The Bostons were not defeated last season by the St. Louis nine. The latter defeated them at St. Louis by 5 to 4, under Dick Pearce's captaincy. The Bostons lost their second game at Chicago June 8, when the Whites won by 2 to 0. They lost eight games during the season, and won 74.

G. D., Manchester.—Counting five for high trump is merely a variety of forty-fives. It, like the "jenk," is no part of the legitimate game, and it would be better to agree beforehand as to when the five for high trump shall be counted—whether before or after tricks. It is variously played.

SEXTE.—Actors learn to make up their faces by observing others and practicing by themselves. No directions therefor are given in the parts. If you are knock-kneed it will seriously interfere with your future success as an actor.

O. R., Courtney.—1. Longfellow's career as a racer ended long ago. 2. Lola has no better record than 2:18. 3. There is no such club as the Atlantic, and the Philadelphia Club belongs to the National Association, though not to the League.

OLD SCHOOLMARM, Passaic.—The Paris crew of St. John, N. B., who won the international prize on the Seine, France, in 1867, were beaten by a crew composed of James Taylor, Thomas Winship, John Martin and James Renforth, at Lachine, Canada, Sept. 15, 1870.

J. T. L.—The "throwing of five aces consecutively at poker dice" is without precedent, but simply for the reason that, as a matter of mere possibility, five aces cannot be thrown consecutively. At least three of them must be thrown simultaneously.

H. B., Philadelphia.—1. A letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her. She is in this city. 2. The ball is on the table. Unless the pocket was shallow, chalk would not send the ball out. Besides, it is the player's duty (as a rule) to "rub the cleas."

C. D. W., Galveston.—2. Miss Sara Jewett is not married. 2. About twenty-four years of age. Made her debut Sept. 3, 1872. 3. It took Sexton about thirty minutes to make his run of 231 in Philadelphia; but time is no element of billiard-playing.

H. M. O.—1. Charles Dickens gave his farewell reading in America, in Steinway Hall, April 20, 1868, at 8 P. M. 2. It was Charles Dickens who was called "Boz." 3. Charles Dickens appeared frequently on the dramatic stage.

N. B.—Harry Thorne has performed in the variety theatres in this city, on various occasions. We cannot spare the time to search our files during the years you name.

FISHERMAN.—We do not know the number of games Borden—"Josepha"—pitched in in 1875. Some half dozen or so, we believe. McVey pitched only in one exhibition game.

HARVEY, Cincinnati.—The Cincinnati Reds did not win every game they played in 1869, as their game with the Troy nine in Cincinnati was a tie—17 to 17. They did not lose a game.

STAKEHOLDER, Bath.—We neither publish the comparative circulations of newspapers, nor decide bets thereon. Such a matter is as private and inaccessible except in the way of testimonials of individuals as the wealth of Indiana.

H. S., New Canaan.—1. Steamers leave here for Salem every Saturday. 2. First-class fare is about $40. Address Thomas Bishop, 104 Bridge lane, Salem, Mass.

J. W., Philadelphia.—Such advertisement would cost the comic for each insertion. We could not get you engagements unless you have had stage experience. 3. From $10 to $150 per week.

J. S., Philadelphia.—The population of London, Eng., is larger than that of any other city in the world, and the area built upon is also, probably, greater than in any other city.

H. M. C., Boston.—Inform us what his business was, and we will endeavor to give you the information you desire. There are other persons of the same name before the public.

J. W., Indianapolis.—Tights worn by gymnasts should be fastened with a strap around the waist; and, instead of wearing a shirt, they use an elastic "body," made expressly for that business.

ENNIS, Chicago.—"A bets B that a certain club will win two games out of three. Each club wins a game, and the third game is a tie. Who wins?" Please state question."

.....according to this statement, A wins.

SEVENTY-SIX.—As soon as he had made "game," A should have ceased playing, and B should have begun with A's ball. This is the rule, designed to prevent favoritism, either one way or the other.

F. R. M., Waterbury.—M loses. Had C, instead of merely negativing M's position, bet that the Chicagos would win both games, when the latter would have stood on equal ground, and the wager would have been a draw.

S. S. R., LaCrosse.—1. Little Dick Garnella performed the feat as you described it fairly and squarely, and we have so published it frequently in THE CLIPPER. 2. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, obtainable from your newsdealer.

USO, Sunyma.—The various dramas you name are seldom if ever produced by professional persons; and, not coming within our province of reviewing them, we know nothing of them, nor can we say who are their authors.

FRED HINDLE.—Your card will cost 60 cents for one insertion; $6.24 for 3 months. We cannot promise any certain place.

MANAGER, Camden.—4. She is not acting at present. 2. We do not know how her age. She is married, and does not like to be reminded of the fact.

WALTER, Toronto.—1. Agnes Booth is the wife of J. B. Booth. 2. Edwin Booth was born in 1833, and Joseph Booth in 1835.

O. S. S., Marshall.—A hand-engine is said to have thrown, horizontally, 273 feet at Cincinnati, O., in 1857, but we do not know the length of hose used.

CONSTANT READER, Jersey City.—1. Jack Madden, we believe. 2. The "British Fisticus" is not published any more, and none are to be had.

ARTHUR DAVIS, Philadelphia.—You can obtain some of them from Ed. James, whose adress you will find in advertisement.

CONSTANT READER.—We are not aware that he did. Chas. Weightman, the Man Fish, is the author of such a work published by R. M. DeWitt, 33 Rose street.

READER, Chicago.—Booth's Theatre, in this city, will seat 1,837 persons. McVicker's Theatre, in your city, is estimated to seat 1,788 persons.

A. F., St. Louis.—The qualifications you name would be of little service to you in a minstrel troupe; but would materially aid your success on the variety stage.

E. M., Phila.—The Mutuals defeated the Chicagos 28 to 1 in 1874, with Zettlein in the Chicago nine, June 18, in Brooklyn.

R. F. J., Newark.—Cuthbert ran the bases in 13½ secs., March 20, 1876, at St. Louis, Mo., in a trial of speed. Berthrong's time was 14½ secs.

STAKEHOLDER, New Orleans.—A wins. At ringi-an, nothing can be split but a pair. A king and a queen will not split.

EDWARDS.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," dramatized by the late C. W. Taylor, was performed at Purdy's National Theatre, Chatham street, during the season of 1858. We cannot give you the particulars at this present time. This was the first performance in this city of any dramatization of that novel. The late George L. Aiken's version was the second. It was produced at the same theatre in July 1, 1859, and made a phenomenal hit, running over 200 consecutive performances.

H. J., Galveston.—It is not impossible that such a run would be, but it is of no account. It is not a record. Gardner claims to have run upwards of 2,100 in France, some eight years ago; but, though he is a much better player now than then, he has never run 200 in this country, either for fun or for money. By "clouching" the balls, it is chiefly a matter of patience to run 1,000.

A. T. K., Providence.—1. The legal quota is ten games. 2. The Bristol is the largest steamboat on these waters. the Providence coming next, and then the big Drew. This is in tonnage. 3. All these boats, as well as the St. John and the Dean Richmond, are richly appointed. 4. There is no chance for a comparison of the relative speed of the larger Hudson-river and Sound boats.

LARKINS, Fitchburg.—Except when some game is played that requires otherwise, cards have their natural value in cutting, which is from *one* up to king. Logically, at such times the ace is the lowest card in the pack.

J. A. MCKENNA, Long Island City.—1. Donnelly and Cooper fought on Dec. 31, 1845; Hyer and Sullivan, Feb. 7, 1849. 2. Tom Cribb died May 11, 1848, nearly a year before Tom Sayers fought his maiden battle with Crouch.

C. E. A.—They are the same person, the first name mentioned being his baptismal appellation, the other being assumed for professional purposes.

DECLINER.—"The Horrible Dream," "Biddy and Tim McNary," "the Faded Flower," and Sweet Story of Old," "The Centennial Show."

J. T. C., Battle Creek.—1. A veterinarian would be the better one to consult. 2. The work is a standard one, and is regarded as excellent authority.

FALLS CITY, Louisville.—Malone had no power under the rules to prevent Devlin becoming a substitute to run for him. See also decision on the subject.

E., Chicago.—A loses. The club named by him had to make at least two runs for him to win, whether the other made one run or none at all.

BALTIMORE.—It is proper for you to add an ace in hand to the two deuces and the three on the board, and call them "fours."

H. E. CLARK, Chicago.—A is wrong. The bet comprehended four games, not five. Furthermore, they had all to be played in one day.

D. C. L., Springfield.—Rub him every other day with sulphur and white oil; ⅓th of the former mixed with 1 pint of the latter.

BOTCH, Philadelphia.—They may have sparred together there, but we do not think they did. We will try and find out in time to answer next week.

TIM FLYNN.—Negotiations are now pending for the early appearance of Harrigan and Hart in this city, and they may so appear.

COLLINS HOUSE, Oil City.—1. It only needs watching Mathews' pitch to see that the ball does describe a horizontal curve without touching the ground.

J. L. FENNY.—1. We have more than we can find room for. 2. In April, 1853.

H. C.—1. Any player can shuffle the cards. 2. James T. Brady died Feb. 9, 1869.

CONSTANT READER, Augusta.—No record of greatest distance thrown by a "strictly third-class steam fire-engine."

JOHN B. ZISCHER, Augusta.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15 cents, will give you the information wanted.

G. E. H., Phila.—1. It is a misdeal. 2. It was a mistake in play, and he must stand the penalty.

J. B. B., Augusta.—2, not having an eight in his own hand, could not assist his partner in that way.

CONSTANT READER, Nashville.—A wins, if the article weighs fifty pounds or over.

E. C. H., St. Marks.—Frederick Maccabe is now performing in the provincial towns of England.

E. PENA.—Address J. Bruce, show-painter, 321 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. J. B., Corpus Christi.—A, the challenging club, names the time.

T. G., San Francisco.—Ernest Blum is the author of "Rose Michel."

J. C. B., Kingston.—We have no representative there, and we do not require one.

JUNIOR.—The circus profession is an honorable and lucrative business. 2. The lady named has that reputation.

W. F. BACON, Uxbridge.—We do not know his address. Mail him a letter in care of this office.

HICKS & HUGHES.—Without display, 60 cents for each insertion.

A CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—Friday, Sept. 24, 1869, was "Black Friday" in New York.

TOM C. M.—We do not know where you can purchase the picture. You might get one by advertising in THE CLIPPER.

CONSTANT READER, Oshkosh.—The ushers seat the spectators.

C. A. M., Columbus.—A man 21 years of age is not too old to enter the dramatic profession as utility.

A. H., Cincinnati.—The Jackley Family returned to Europe some months ago.

F. O. M., Litchfield.—We think Bradley is the switcher of the two, unless Spalding has increased his pace this season.

U. S. M. AND ACADEMY, Mason City.—The parties refusing to play forfeit the game.

F. P. ROGERS, Salem.—We know nothing about Radcliffe's heresy hunts.

CLARENCE, Newcomers Town.—McBride is in the Boston Club.

S. G.—It was proper for him to claim the game as soon as he had made sixteen.

READER.—B loses. There can be but one trial in matching pennies, unless more are stipulated for.

H. T. S., Bucyrus.—We have no opinion to express as regards the relative merits of phonographic systems.

C. W. S., Bloomsburg.—Charles Brewster Ross disappeared on July 1, 1874.

C. C., Jamaica.—There is now no demand for seamen, and you had better abandon the idea.

VULCAN, Stanley B. C.—There is no record of quarter-mile trotting or running.

CONSTANT READER.—Apply to Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, N. Y. They publish several songs with this title.

FARET.—Arthur Chambers was beaten by J. Brady in England.

J. H. T., Covington.—Harry Wright the baseball player is alive.

JOHN WILSON.—Search THE CLIPPER ALMANAC; price, 15 cents.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—In the first fight between Edwards and Collyer, the latter won the choice of corners.

VALUE.—We prefer not to recommend any lawyer as being the best for professional persons to employ.

PRODIGAL SON, Boston.—We know him by no other name than the one by which he is announced.

C. S. L., Fall River.—We do not require one during the Summer. Write again before Sept. 1.

J. T., Cleveland.—Such must be sent until other arrangements are made. Inclose programme each week.

H. C., Harrisburg.—We cannot call it to mind. When was it sent?

CONSTANT READER, Hartford.—Such a charge should be properly substantiated.

R. T.—If he bets, instead of availing himself of his privilege as "the age," his money must stand.

J. S. J., Hanover.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC for fast times of all kinds.

POOL-SELLING, Cincinnati.—Pool-selling is a legitimate business wherever it is legal.

CONSTANT READER.—Tom Temple's best time is 2:19¾, and it has been beaten by a dozen or more horses.

CONSTANT READER, Washington.—We cannot give you the circulation.

CONSTANT READER, Fort Walsh.—1. No horse ever ran a mile in a minute. 2. 1:41¾ is the best record.

D. L. P., Fort Sully.—B is out on his high. Had he made high game, A would have been out, as then B would have been but seven.

H. E. W., Cedar Rapids.—They are still performing there, but to very light business.

INTERCOLAN, Denver.—A can count anything above nine.

READER OF CLIPPER, Little Falls.—A is out on his high.

F. D., Phila.—1. Dexter, 2:17¾; Goldsmith Maid, 2:14.

M. C. R., Cambridge.—Sanchez was born in Toronto.—Toronto.—The drawing is unfair, and should be void.

DON WOOD, Angola.—Your case is not stated plainly.

A. D.—No ordinance can be placed on the items given.

A. A. B., Orrilla.—See reply to John B. Zischer.

MONTREAL.—We know nothing of the lottery.

E. M., Brooklyn.—Probably in our next.

J. H. J., Nevada.—Goldsmith Maid, 2:14.

F. AND W.—The card cost 75 cents.

V. R.—Write it thus: 16,000,000.

W. A.—4 loses, of course.

RIDING ON A RAIL.

In another column we give a report of the most noteworthy railroad trip on record; and to Messrs. Palmer & Jarrett, the well-known and enterprising managers of Booth's Theatre, in this city, is the credit due for this remarkable performance of speeding by rail across the continent in three days and a third! Since those gentlemen first announced their intention to undertake the trip, the public generally have manifested the greatest interest in the result, and when the telegraph communicated the intelligence that the start was made at one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, June 1, the entire country became aroused, and bulletin boards in all the large cities were eagerly scanned to ascertain what progress was being made, and the time consumed in going from station to station; and when, on Sunday evening, the news came that the train had arrived in San Francisco ahead of time, there was general rejoicing along the whole line, and the indefatigable managers were, without a dissenting voice, voted managerial stars of the first magnitude, and men who "were fit to run for a man's life," as our pedestrian friends would say. Viewed in the light of a shrewd business operation in the way of free advertising, or as a test of the lasting and propelling powers of the iron horse and the staying qualities of the rail, unqualified praise must be accorded the projectors, who, by the successful accomplishment of their initial experiment of rapid transit from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, have opened the way for a reduction in the time schedule of the regular trains crossing the continent; and we shall not be surprised to learn, at no very remote date, that regular trains make the trip in five days!

The accomplishment of this extraordinary "transcontinental passage" is worthy of our centennial year, which has already developed the rapid progress of the nation in arts, science, agriculture, and the manifold mechanisms and other industries of the American people; and what may follow ere the close of the year has been reached may be of a still more startling and wonderful character. It is quite fitting that our theatrical friends should have added this link to the chain destined to girdle the earth, and thus bring all the nations of the world into closer communication and friendship. If that other enterprising manager, Phineas T. Barnum, should carry to a successful issue his idea of navigating the air with his flying ship, and thus reducing the passage from America to Europe to three days, still another link will have been wrought in the projected endless chain. The great showman cannot afford to permit Palmer & Jarrett to reap *all* the laurels in this our centennial year.

THE CENTENNIAL was largely attended during the past week, especially on Decoration Day, when upwards of forty thousand paying visitors were present. It seems to us, however, that *twelve thousand free admissions* in one day is crowding the mourners *too* closely. Outside the grounds, the hotels, restaurants and minor places of refreshment for man and beast are doing very little business, and several of the latter have deemed it prudent to "close up for repairs."

DOM PEDRO got back to Washington last week, much pleased with what he had seen and heard in his travels; and at the Capitol he enjoyed a tete-a-tete with the heads of the nation, including the Secretary of State:

Fish is officious still, we see—
He meets Dom Pedro gayly:
And jolly Pedro shows that he
Thinks every Fish is seedy!

YOUNG SEXTON, who made such an extraordinary display at the recent Centennial billiard tournament in Philadelphia, is the lion of the day among the admirers of the game. Efforts of the "adverse faction" to "put up jobs" for him are well understood by the public, and never fail to recoil with injurious effect upon the heads of their projectors. Sexton's sweeping challenge to the world has thus far met with no response.

THERE ARE shadowy suspicions of "crooked" play even in the "immaculate" ranks of the League clubs. Come, friends, let there be no whitewashing of the suspected players. Bounce the guilty ones.

CENTENNIAL FOURTH OF JULY WEEK

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of THE FOURTH OF JULY falling upon Tuesday—our publication day—THE CLIPPER for that week will be published on Monday morning, July 3, and our advertisers will oblige us by mailing their favors so as to reach this office by the first mail on Sunday, July 2, as the post-office closes at 10 A. M., or by handing them in at our business department not later than 3 P. M. on that day. Such of our advertisers as desire their cards to appear on the outside are notified that those pages will be closed on Friday evening.

CENTENNIAL FOURTH OF JULY.

NEWSDEALERS will please take notice that THE CLIPPER will be published one day earlier than usual FOURTH OF JULY week, and govern themselves accordingly in ordering from their news companies.

THE MUSTANG MAN Parker, who, on Thursday of last week, made another attempt to ride three hundred and five miles in fifteen hours, using thirty ambitious mustangs in the effort, came to grief after he had gone two hundred and twenty-six miles, his eyes giving out, although his will and mind were good. The mustang animals performed their part of the business with commendable spirit, and are entitled to our sympathies for the failure of their rider to "go the distance." We presume the feat will be duly accomplished when the proper time arrives.

The Gay Gambollers.

Bennett now the polo fellows lets
Put on their games a few light-waisted bets;
Say they: "This ground is yours, and we may ramble on it!"
Says he: "It is, my lambs, and you may *gambol on it!*"

AH HA! Mrs. Mina Jury, sister of the Tichborne claimant, and one of the witnesses against him, has been sentenced in London to seven years' penal servitude for stealing. And so it appears that in both cases conviction followed *per Jury!*

OUR JIM spent the whole of last Thursday at Fleetwood Park watching George Parker circling the course on his untamed mustang chargers. The boy has come to the conclusion that the most difficult part of mustang-riding is the determined manner in which you *must hang on!*

THIS IS A BAD SEASON for Washington officials; the barbarities of the Investigating Committees are worse than were the cruelties of the *Spanish* inquisition. The veriest *Kerr* is snapped at by the big bulldogs.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY went out with the tied on May 30. A few days ago he was Sultan Aziz Khan, and now he is Sultan as isn't can't! This is terrible!

THE TROUBLE WITH VISITORS at the picture-gallery in Memorial Hall is that they, unlike the car-conductors, *don't* "punch with care."

OUR BANKERS passed a day at the Centennial last week. They wanted to post themselves about "the different *species* of the world!"

JIM wants to know what an *iron ear* infirmary is! "The heathen in his *blindness*" is not more ignorant.

OF ALL THE CITIES in Iowa, Theodore Tilton is said to be most familiar with "'*Council*' '*Bluffs*'!"

SNOW-PLOUGHS are no longer in request, and straw hats are taking their place.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On May 29: John C. Hall, son-in-law of ex-Governor Brownlow, was reported to have been shot and mortally wounded by Postmaster Wm. F. Walsh, at Hot Springs, Ark. ....The accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of H. N. Barton, at Fish's Landing, N. Y., inflicted fatal injuries on Charles Livingston.....Cable-dispatches announced that it was feared that of the 30,000 men composing the Egyptian army in Abyssinia, about one-half only will return, several thousand having been killed in battle, died, of disease, and the rest being unable, on account of wounds, to leave during the rainy season; that the only difficulty in the way of the surrender of the forger Winslow by the British Government is to find a way to do so gracefully; that the election of Prince Lucinge to the French Chamber of Deputies was annulled because he forfeited his nationality by serving in the Austrian army; that the Porte has instructed its Austrian Ambassador to declare that foreign intervention is thoroughly inadmissible, and that it will be obliged to totally decline the Berlin Conference proposals; that the insurrection in Bulgaria is spreading, and Servia is preparing to interfere; that Russia has sent four more gunboats to Besika Bay; that Austria, at a meeting of the ambassadors at Berlin, failed to come to an agreement on the Berlin programme as might have satisfied England, but that serious measures will be adopted despite the latter's opposition; that the machinery factory at the royal arsenal in Castellamare, Spain, was burned; and that the *Madrid Mir*, a St. Petersburg journal, ridicules the idea that Russia and Austria will continue agreed on Eastern affairs. ....Disastrous floods prevailed in Canada, Ind., Ohio and Lake shot and killed an unknown man.....Frank H. Young of the Class of '78, Cornell University, was drowned while bathing, at Ithaca, N. Y.....The following business failures were reported to have failed: Fisher, Ky.—Anderson, Hamilton & Co., Hartmeyer Brothers, and Krauth, Ferguson & Co., pork packers, and Swaringen & Briggs, whisky dealers—liabilities in each case very heavy; Jackson, Pfouts & Douglass, groceries, at St. Louis, Mo.—liabilities $400,000; S. G. Hooker & Co. and W. H. Slaughter & Co. of Chicago, Ill.....Losses by fire: the Stewart Paper Company's mill, at Newark, N. J., loss $40,000, partially insured; McCabe's warehouses, and other buildings, at Mount Pleasant, Pa.—loss $19,000, insured for $5,300; a warehouse in Missionary Settlement, Highlands, Mass.—loss $9,000, nearly covered by insurance.....Cummins & Chinnery, brokers, of London, Eng., failed for $100,000.... At Skowhegan, Me., Henry Herring shot and fatally wounded Merritt Harmon.....Rachael Conroy, while under the influence of chloral, jumped from a window in St. Louis, Mo., and was killed.....Frederilla Regnier was stated to have drowned herself and her two children, at Chicago, Ill.....Mrs. Ira Hasbrouck, aged 17, was drowned by the capsizing of a boat at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....The murderer of Mary and James Cahill was captured and placed in jail at Cayuga, Canada, after nearly killing the jailer. .....Andreas Fuchs, the murderer of William Simmonds, was removed to Sing Sing, N. Y. Friday.....John Albert fell from the roof of a house in this city and was killed.

*** May 30: News received from abroad was to the effect that, at the unanimous wish of the people, Abdul Aziz was elected to the throne of Constantinople, and the latter proclaimed Emperor of Turkey; that both Christians and Mussulmen express great satisfaction at the change, and three days' festivities had been commenced in Constantinople; that the dethronement is mainly due to Russia instigating Serbia and Montenegro to warfare; that in London, Eng., the intelligence caused a great rebound upward in prices; that the Sultan Aziz Khan, the Sultan's uncle, that the insurgents had burned Bibacs in Bosnia, killing 350 Turks; that the Serbians were moving under Russian direction; that Mukhtar Pacha had left Nostar, on what was supposed to be another attempt to relieve Nicsic; that Mrs. Mina Jury, sister of the Tichborne claimant, and one of the chief witnesses against him, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for stealing.....That a Protestant school in the Province of Pontevedra, Spain, has been closed by order of the Minister of Justice.....Mrs. Herman Kindling of Milwaukee, Wis., was found dead, with a bullet-hole in her temple. She has confessed to her husband that she had committed adultery, and he claims that it is a case of suicide.....It is being Decoration Day, business generally suspended throughout the United States, the graves of soldiers and sailors everywhere being strewn with flowers.....Capt. Alfred Wright of Salem, Mass., was run over and killed by a locomotive in Boston. .....Mrs. Eliza Chaney, daughter of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and her little brother Johnny were drowned by the upsetting of a sailboat at Brighton, Mass.....Don Antonio Esquevel was reported to have been installed President of Costa Rica.....Losses by fire: between 400 and 500 houses in the St. Louis suburb of Quebec, Canada—loss about $800,000; less than one-half insured; the Mercantile Mill, St. Louis, Mo.—loss $150,000; insurance $15,000; Gamble's wagon factory and Phillips' warehouse, Cairo, Ill.—loss about $18,000.....Insured for $11,500: five stores and dwelling, Grand Haven, Mich.—loss $15,000, insured for $3,000; J. Halsted's tannery, Peekskill, N. Y.—loss $8,000, partially insured.....Joseph Wiernan and George Zuckkwardt, both of this city, were drowned.....About forty thousand persons visited the Centennial Exhibition.....George Bobb, aged 68, of Harrisburg, Pa., committed suicide by hanging.....John F. Anthony, recently discharged from the Lunatic Asylum, ended his life in like manner, at Richmond, Va.

*** May 31: Cable dispatches stated that the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain had expressed the opinion that the safety of the Suez Canal was assured; that the Winslow case are sound and their position correct; that William Kempton Vance and Mrs. Helen Smee were committed to jail in Lincoln, Eng., the charge being that the woman and Vance resolved to commit suicide, and Vance, a medical student, had feloniously conspired to assist her; that the new Turkish Sultan is expected to issue a proclamation that will guarantee to the entire mass of his people, whatever their creed; that rains have destroyed the locusts in Spain, and cereals have not promised such crops for a hundred years past; that the insurrection in Cuba is increasing, and the Captain-general has been authorized to draw daily on the Spanish Treasury for $30,000 in gold.....L. B. Odell, a prominent farmer of Beekman, N. Y., was instantly killed by a barn falling.....Losses by fire: Knight's canal-stables, the Seneca House and other property, at Geneva, N. Y.—loss about $15,000; Henry Whittemore's residence, in Tappantown, N. Y.—loss $9,000.

*** June 1: Foreign telegrams announced that ten infantry regiments had received orders to be ready to sail from England for Malta at short notice; that the Sultan Aziz was read in Constantinople declaring that the members of the Cabinet shall continue in office, that the Sultan grants $1,500,000 from the civil-list for State purposes, that he will receive $2,500,000 from the private purse of the Crown, and directing that a form of government which will secure to every Turkish subject personal liberty be devised; that the amount of the indemnity to be demanded from Servia will be $100,000,000; that a reform programme is to be drawn up by the Turkish Government at once; that work at the scene of the wreck of the steamship Schiller has been given up, as it did not pay expenses; that seven thousand troops had sailed from Spain for Cuba; that the elections of Prince Napoleon and Count de Casabianca, Bonapartists, were confirmed by the French Chamber of Deputies without discussion; that at a meeting held by the Ambassadors of the Five Powers at Constantinople it was decided to postpone the presentation of the Berlin memorandum indefinitely, but will recommend the conclusion of a two months' armistice, which would check the warlike preparations of Serbia; that Prince Milan had been warned by the Czar of Russia against any hasty movement; that W. K. Vance was sentenced in London, Eng., to eighteen months' imprisonment for conspiring with Mrs. Ellen Smee to aid her to commit suicide, and the latter to six months' imprisonment for attempting suicide; that if an agreement is not reached by the United States and British Governments by June 15, E. D. Winslow will be discharged; and that the House of Commons had adjourned till June 19, when it will sit till June 13.....Asa Fairbanks, aged 80, dropped dead while giving testimony in court, at Providence, R. I.....Particulars were received of the loss of 2,000 Indians of foryistan, in a fight with the Afridees.....Eighty-five of Cincinnatians, led by Capt. Sloane and James Wood, en route for the Black Hills.....John Kelly, a laborer, was killed by falling from a scaffold in this city.....Losses by fire: in the Lincoln Block, Chicago, Ill., losses about $9,000, the principal loser being J. J. Warren; J. J. Craig & Co.'s foundry, the Roman Catholic church, and other buildings, at Strathroy, Ont.—loss $40,000; Walker's pearling-mill, at Saratoga, N. Y.—loss $30,000, insured for $3,500.

*** June 2: A telegram from Fort Laramie stated that it was the belief there that the reported massacre of Custer's battalion was without foundation.....Andrew Moore, aged 13, stabbed to death Frederick Lawler, aged 14, in this city. .....Dispatches from abroad stated that upon being appointed Governor of the Lunatic Asylum, Queen Victoria at once took steps to obtain assurance of the personal safety of her former guest, who is confined in a palace called "The Cage;" that Sultan Murad Effendi has given orders that the deposed monarch be treated with the consideration, and receive all the honors due his person; that, in consequence of the initiative of the British Government, an alliance of the Western Powers is about to be concluded, and Italy and perhaps Austria, will join in Russo-Servia refuses to recognize the new Sultan, and declines to pay her tribute, which is in arrears; that the American residents in Paris are raising funds to celebrate the Centennial Fourth of July on the Champs Elysees; that Marquis de Lafayette (Lafayette, and not, in the official report of Wimbledon's race, Lafayette) died, in the official report of Wimbledon's race, Lafayette) died, in the official report of Wimbledon's race, Lafayette) died

ing one day last week, since which time Rooke has sparred with Mace.

NELLIE SAUNDERS AND ROSE HARLAND'S joint benefit will transpire at Harry Hill's Variettes on Thursday afternoon, June 8, when, besides the novel and interesting set-to between these really clever female artists, who will appear in ring costume, a number of other good sparrers will put on the gloves, and the usual variety performances will be given.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care for Joe Goss (2) and Sam Collyer.

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

June 6, 8, 10, St. Louis vs. Hartford, at Hartford.
June 6, 8, 10, Chicago vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
June 6, 8, 10, Cincinnati vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.
June 6, 8, 10, Louisville vs. Boston, at Boston.
June 6, Orange vs. Livingston, at Orange, N. J.
June 6, Alaska vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.
June 6, Arlington vs. Chatham, at Hoboken.
June 6, Alaska vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn.
June 8, Madison vs. Lexington, at Brooklyn.
June 8, Rose Hill vs. Jasper, at Manhattanville, N. Y.
June 9, Mutual vs. Argyle, at Hoboken.
June 10, Madison vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn.
June 10, Orange vs. Athletic of New York, at Orange.
June 10, Osbeola vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn.
June 12, Alaska vs. Olympic, at Melrose.
June 13, Orange vs. Star, at Orange.

THE PROFESSIONAL CAMPAIGN.
East and West.

The second week of the series of games played between the Western and Eastern clubs during the Eastern tour of the former closed on June 3, leaving the record of their games together as follows:

FIRST WEEK.

WEST.	Won.	Lost.	EAST.	Won.	Lost.
Chicago	2	1	Hartford	1	2
St. Louis	2	1	Mutual	1	2
Louisville	2	1	Athletic	2	1
Cincinnati	0	3	Boston	3	0
Totals	6	6	Totals	6	6

SECOND WEEK.

Chicago	3	0	Boston	0	3
St. Louis	3	0	Athletic	0	3
Louisville	1	2	Mutual	2	1
Cincinnati	1	2	Hartford	1	2
Totals	8	4	Totals	3	6

This leaves the West victors in fourteen games out of the twenty-four played. The close of the first week left them even, but the last week's play resulted in eight victories for the West to four only for the East, the Hartford and Mutual Clubs proving to be the only Eastern clubs which won games.

The record showing the earned runs and base-hits of each day's play of the League nine during the second week of the Eastern tour of the four Western clubs is:

EAST.	E. R.	1B.	H.	WEST.	E. R.	1B.	H.
Hartford	6	9	15	Chicago	0	9	
Boston	2	15		St. Louis	1	10	
Mutual	0	10	20	Louisville	0	6	
Athletic	0	5		Chicago	1	11	
Hartford	0	10		St. Louis	1	9	
Boston	2	8		Louisville	1	10	
Athletic	0	5		Cincinnati	0	13	
Hartford	0	10		Chicago	3	14	
Boston	2	8		St. Louis	3	15	
Mutual	0	6		Louisville	1	16	
Athletic	5	17		Cincinnati	0	2	
Totals	14		104	Totals	16		131

By the above it will be seen that the West leads in earned runs and base-hits, showing better batting and pitching.

The League-pennant record up to June 3, inclusive, is as appended:

	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Per Cent.
Athletic	7	1	.875
Boston	6	2	.750
Chicago	6	2	.750
Cincinnati	3	5	.375
Hartford	3	5	.375
Louisville	2	6	.250
Mutual	3	6	.333
St. Louis	3	6	.333
Games won	12	9	.571
Games drawn	1	1	.500

A summary of the above leaves the eight clubs occupying the following relative positions:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
Chicago	18	15	3	0
Hartford	18	12	4	2
St. Louis	18	12	6	0
Boston	18	9	9	0
Louisville	18	8	9	1
Mutual	17	6	11	0
Athletic	17	5	12	0
Cincinnati	18	3	15	0
Totals	140	70	70	

THE RECORD FOR MAY.

The following is the record of the League Club games played during May:

May 1,	Hartford vs. Boston, at Hartford	15 to 3
May 2,	Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn (12 in'gs.)	3
May 2,	Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	15
May 3,	Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	9
May 3,	Louisville vs. St. Louis, at Louisville	11
May 4,	Cincinnati vs. Louisville, at Cincinnati	3
May 4,	Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	4
May 5,	Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	4
May 5,	St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis	2
May 6,	Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	9
May 6,	Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	13
May 6,	Hartford vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	3
May 8,	Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston	5
May 8,	Hartford vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	2
May 8,	Chicago vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	3
May 9,	St. Louis vs. Louisville, at St. Louis	6
May 10,	Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago	6
May 11,	Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	6
May 11,	Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago	5
May 11,	St. Louis vs. Louisville, at St. Louis	3
May 13,	Boston vs. Athletic, at Boston	19
May 13,	Chicago vs. Louisville, at Chicago	4
May 13,	St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at St. Louis	7
May 13,	Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford	28
May 15,	Boston vs. Athletic, at Boston	15
May 15,	Hartford vs. Athletic, at Hartford	6
May 16,	St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at St. Louis	11
May 16,	Chicago vs. Louisville, at Chicago	4
May 17,	Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston	3
May 18,	Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville	9
May 19,	Hartford vs. Boston, at Hartford	12
May 19,	St. Louis vs. Chicago, at Chicago	4
May 20,	Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	7
May 20,	Chicago vs. St. Louis, at Chicago	6
May 20,	Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville	3
May 23,	St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	12
May 23,	Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston	8
May 23,	Chicago vs. Hartford, at Hartford	3
May 24,	Louisville vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	3
May 25,	Hartford vs. Chicago, at Hartford	1
May 25,	St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	2
May 25,	Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston	4
May 25,	Athletic vs. Louisville, at Philadel. (a tie)	2
May 26,	Louisville vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	16
May 27,	Mutual vs. St. Louis, at Brooklyn	4
May 27,	Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Cincinnati	5
May 29,	Mutual vs. Maple Leaf, at Jackson, Mich	4

MUTUAL vs. LOUISVILLE.

These clubs played the last of the Eastern-tour series together on June 3, on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., before seven or eight hundred spectators, and this time the Louisvilles scored their first victory in Brooklyn. It was one well earned by skilful batting and very fine fielding, not forgetting the telling pitching of Devlin, who showed up in better form in this game than any since his leg troubled him. They put in their strongest nine in this match, and played a very handsome fielding game, as the score shows—only three errors, two of them unimportant, marking their play in the field. The Mutuals went to the bat first, Holdsworth opening with a base-hit. On Start's hit to Devlin he was forced off, and after Snyder had thrown out Joe at second, Somerville handling the ball prettily, Treacy was thrown out at first, and the first of the series of blanks scored by the Mutuals in the game was recorded. Hastings led off with a pretty ground-er to left, and through a bad throw by Hicks and a failure of Holdsworth to back Craver up properly—his only error in the three games—Hastings reached third base, and on Hague's safe grounder he scored his run. The next three strikers were then put out by Treacy and Hallinan, the Louisvilles opening with the lead of 1 to 0. In the second inning four men went to the bat on the Mutual side; but though Craver had a life given him by Somerville, it did not yield anything, as, after Fulmer had put two men out, he was forced off by Booth. On the other side Fulmer opened play with a hot one to Mathews, the ball glancing from Bobby's hand into Hallinan's, Chaley being thrown out in consequence. Then Snyder hit a pretty grounder, and, after Allison had been thrown out, Ryan and Hastings followed with base-hits, Snyder's run being thereby earned. Through a bad throw by Hicks—Hicks' same leg preventing him from getting a good foothold to throw well—Ryan came home, his run being made chiefly by good base-running, the inning ending with the score at 3 to 0. In the third inning, though Booth made a base-hit, only three men went to the bat, Booth being caught napping between first and second bases, Hague stopping Mathews' hot ball to him finely. On the Louisville side a grounder by Devlin and safe hits by Gerhardt and Somerville earned one run, a pretty catch by Treacy and his throw home to Hicks completing off Gerhardt at home-base on the double play, Hicks catching the last man out. This ended running-getting on both sides until the eighth inning, both nines fielding sharply, Allison's fine play at right field being especially noteworthy. One catch he made was a beauty, Snyder also doing good service in his position, as did Fulmer and Gerhardt. The pitching was telling, Holdsworth alone making a base-hit in the four innings' play. A double play was made by Start in the sixth inning on Allison's hit to him, Joe at the same time throwing out Snyder at second base. In the eighth inning the Mutuals escaped a "Chicago," owing to a passed ball by Snyder. Hallinan had made his base by a good grounder, and Craver his by a finely judged hit to right field. The next three men were then thrown out at first base by Somerville and Devlin, a passed ball letting Hallinan score his unearned run. On the Louisville side in this inning, Devlin opened with a two-baser to left field. Then Booth captured Gerhardt on the fly. This was followed by a passed ball by Somerville, and on Fulmer's two-base hit to right field two runs were scored and earned. In the last inning Allison put two of the Mutuals out, one by a throw to first base, and though Start made a base-hit, and was helped round by a wild pitch, Devlin put out the last man before a run could be scored. On the Louisville side Ryan led off with a beautiful grounder to left field—a model hit—on which he made his second; then Hastings had a life given by Hallinan, after which Hague and Devlin made base-hits, two runs being secured and earned, five catches by Craver and Treacy ending the inning, leaving victory in the hands of the Louisvilles.

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holdsw'th, c.f.	4	0	2	1	0	0
Start, 1st b.	4	0	0	11	1	0
Treacy, l. f.	4	0	0	7	1	1
Hallinan, s.s.	3	1	1	1	3	3
Craver, 2d b.	3	0	1	2	3	1
Hicks, c.	3	0	0	2	3	1
Booth, r. f.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Mathews, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Nichols, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	30	1	6	27	14	10

LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hastings,	5	0	2	0	2	0
Hague,	5	0	2	0	2	0
Devlin	4	1	2	0	3	0
Gerhardt,	5	0	1	14	0	0
Somerville,	5	0	1	4	4	0
Fulmer,	5	0	1	4	4	0
Snyder,	4	1	2	2	4	1
Ryan,	4	2	2	0	1	0
Allison,	4	0	2	1	0	0
Totals	43	4	16	27	17	3

Mutual ..... 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1
Louisville ..... 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 1 *—4
First base by errors—Mutual, 1; Louisville, 3. Left on base—Mutual, 0; Louisville, 5. Balls called—on Devlin, 9; on Mathews, 9. Strikes called—from Devlin, 14; Mathews, 20. Fouls called—from Devlin, 20; from Mathews, 26. Time, 1h. 40m. Umpire, Mr. Daniels of the Hartford Amateur Club. Time, 1h. 45m.

Before closing out report of the Louisville games we will proceed to review the play of the three games so far as the fielding and batting are concerned, leaving an anlysis of the Mutual play until the close of the series on June 17.

There is no questioning the fact that the Louisvilles have a strong team, that it is one open to improvement. Besides a good change pitcher and general player, if reports are true has not kept himself in proper form. He certainly showed up very poorly in the first game. Carbine is a good man to hold hot balls and to occasionally get in a base-hit; but he is not up to the standard of the other nines. The strongest team the Louisvilles presented in the three games was that in the last game. They are getting to play very well together, and by the close of July are likely to be in better form to rally for a brilliant closing-up of their campaign. Devlin has labored at a disadvantage, being unable to pitch his best on account of a boil on his leg. Snyder has greatly improved in his catching, and, though there is no style in his play, he works earnestly and with telling effect. Hague and Hastings played their positions in the three games without an error, and stand second and third at the bat. Somerville covers a large space of ground in the most able manner. Gerhardt plays at first base finely. Occasionally he gets bothered, but in the last game he played without an error, as did Fulmer. The fielding analysis of the play of the team in the three games shows the appended results:

Players.	Times at Bat.	First-base Out.	Games Played in.	Total Fielding Errors.
Devlin	15	6	3	0
Hague	13	5	3	0
Hastings	15	3	3	0
Ryan	7	3	3	0
Snyder	10	3	3	2
Somerville	13	2	3	0
Gerhardt	9	2	2	3
Fulmer	13	2	3	0
Carbine	3	1	1	0
Chapman	5	1	1	1
Allison	4	0	1	0
Bechtel	3	0	1	0
Totals	109	31	27	18

Pitchers'	P. B. Hits.	E. Runs.	B. Called.	Strikes.	Fouls.
Devlin	28	5	43	56	52
Mathews	31	5	55	40	21

It will be seen that Devlin leads at the bat, Hague being second and Hastings third, Bechtel having the worst fielding average. In pitching Devlin excels Mathews, having the fewer base-hits made on him, and the less number of called balls, while he had the more strikes made on his delivery and the more fouls hit from it.

CHICAGO vs. LOWELL.

On Friday, June 2, the Chicagos visited Lowell, Mass., and engaged in a contest with the Lowell Club, which, for excitement, has never been equalled in the City of Spindles. At the close of the seventh inning the score stood 7 to 8 in favor of Chicago, and the Lowells were batting so as to put Spalding on the "anxious-seat." In the eighth inning McVey attempted to help the Lowells out of time, but the boys were up and at him, batting him freely, and in the ninth Spalding resumed his position. Had it not been for three very bad decisions of the umpire, says a correspondent, the score would have been a tie in the nine-inning game, with the figure 10 in favor of the Chicagos, and the consequence is that seven runs—five earned—were made by the St. Louis, thus placing them again in the van. The Athletics received a blank as their share of the ninth inning, although Hall had led off with a splendid two-base hit. The weak point of the Athletics in this game was their outfielding, and it is thought that an error was made in not putting in Zettlein to pitch, especially in the last inning. Hall's splendid batting was a noteworthy feature of this game. The Mr. Lowell Club has upheld its name, and deserve much credit for their victory. Below will be found the full score:

LOWELL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b.	2	3	1	7	3
Hines, c. f.	2	3	4	0	0
Mason, 3d b.	1	2	1	2	2
McVey, 1st b.	1	3	9	0	0
Spalding, p.	0	1	0	7	1
Hedrig, l. f.	0	1	2	0	0
White, c.	1	1	5	0	2
Peters, s. s.	0	0	1	0	0
Bielaski, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Totals	8	16	24	17	8

CHICAGO.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Williams, p.	1	1	0	2	0
Kerr, c.	1	1	3	3	0
Anson, 1st b.	1	2	9	0	0
Smith, 2d base	1	1	4	1	0
Moorhead, 3d base	1	1	1	1	1
Campbell, 1st base	1	1	1	0	0
Harris, r. f.	2	2	1	0	0
Monte, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Reynolds, c. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Totals	11	14	27	7	1

Runs earned—Chicago, 5; Lowell, 3. Umpire, R. F. Cook, Total bases—Lowell, 15; Chicago, 21. Time, 1h. 35m.

BROWN vs. TRINITY.

Though scoring in but one inning, the Brown University nine defeated the Trinity College team at Providence, R. I., June 3. The runs made by the victors, four in number, were all the product of good batting, two of them being earned, while the three runs scored in so many innings by their opponents were due to errors on the part of the Browns.

BROWN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Nickerson, 1st b	0	0	11	0	0
Parker, s. s.	0	0	0	6	0
Ferris, c.	0	0	2	5	1
Butterw'th, r. f.	0	1	1	1	0
Lee, 2d b.	0	0	5	1	3
Griffin, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Cross, c.	0	1	1	4	1
Huse, p.	0	1	0	9	1
Salisbury, 3d b.	1	2	2	3	4
Totals	1	4	27	29	10

TRINITY.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brigham, 2d b.	1	0	5	4	0
Lincoln, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	2
White, c.	0	0	2	7	2
McKennan, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Hewitt, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	2
Rogers, l. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Elbert, c. f.	0	0	2	0	1
Campbell, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Stark, s. s.	0	0	1	2	2
Totals	1	1	27	15	9

Two-base hits—Griffin, Tyler, Salisbury. Earned runs—Brown, 2. Umpire, G. W. Dow. Time, 2h.

MUTUAL vs. KEYSTONE.

These clubs played their first game for the amateur championship at the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 30. Result:

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Herman, 2d b.	4	3	6	2	0
Hack, p.	2	1	0	3	1
Schappert, 3d b.	1	3	2	7	0
Rowan, l. f.	0	2	2	0	1
Meub, r. f.	2	0	2	0	0
Kraemer, c.	0	0	3	1	3
Boyer, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0
Castalo, c. f.	2	2	0	0	1
Reickert, s. s.	2	1	1	2	1
Totals	13	12	27	16	8

KEYSTONE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
O'Brien, r. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Fleming, s. s.	0	0	1	1	4
McDermitt, 2d b	1	1	3	2	3
Murphy, c.	0	2	7	0	1
McDonald, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Kenny, 1st b.	2	3	10	0	1
Barrer, c. f.	0	0	1	1	0
Gilmore, c.	1	0	1	0	0
Connlin, 3d b.	1	0	4	2	1
Totals	10	8	27	8	10

Mutual	1	3	3	1	3	0	2	0	0—13
Keystone	0	1	0	1	2	1	2	1	0—10

Umpire, H. Smith. Time, 2h.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM vs. GLOBE THEATRE.

Nines composed of attaches of the above-named places of amusement played a game at Boston, Mass., June 2, the Howards winning easily. Johnny Wild, James Bradley, Larry Tooley and Somers played finely for the victorious team, and Williams, Moorhead and Revelle well filled their positions on the opposing side.

HOWARD.	R.	GLOBE.	R.
Tooley, p.	3	Williams, p.	1
Bradley, c.	3	Kerr, c.	2
J. Wild, s. s.	4	Anson, 1st b.	3
Blake, 1st base	4	Smith, 2d base	4
Frior, 2d base	4	Moorhead, 3d base	1
Stone, 3d base	2	Campbell, 1st base	1
Somers, l. f.	2	Harris, r. f.	2
N. Goodwin, c. f.	3	Monte, l. f.	0
Battricia, r. f.	4	Reynolds, c. f.	1
Total	38	Total	15

Umpire, William O'Brien. Time, 3h. 30m.

PASTIME vs. RESOLUTE.

A close contest took place on the grounds of St. Michael's College, Clover Hill, Toronto, Ont., May 27, between the above clubs, the score of which was:

PASTIME.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCaball, 1st b.	1	2	10	0	0
Melvin, p.	2	2	1	4	0
Hanrahan, s. s.	1	1	0	2	0
Sweeny, 2d b.	1	1	1	2	1
J. Kelly, c. f.	1	0	0	3	0
Wright, s. s.	0	0	2	0	0
D. Kelly, c.	1	1	2	3	0
Connolly, r. f.	1	2	3	0	0
Halser, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Kenny, 3d b.	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	8	11	21	14	1

RESOLUTE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hedley, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
James, 2d b.	1	2	6	1	0
Farala, 1st b.	1	2	8	0	1
McCabe, s. s.	0	1	2	3	0
Kirby, c.	0	1	3	6	1
Ambrose, 3d b.	0	1	2	1	0
Walsh, l. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Devine, p.	0	1	0	3	0
Gallagher, c. f.	0	1	3	0	0
Totals	3	9	27	14	2

Pastime	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	*—8
Resolute	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0—3

Earned runs—Pastime, 3; Resolute, 1. First base by errors—Pastime, 1; Resolute, 2. Left on bases—Pastime, 6; Resolute, 5. Passed balls—Kirby, 2; Kelly, 1. Wild pitches—Melvin, 1; Devine, 1. Time of game, 2h. 30m. Umpire, Mr. Cleary. Scorers, Messrs. Hall and Hamilton.

HARTFORD vs. CINCINNATI.

These clubs played their second game together at Hartford, Ct., June 1; and although the weather was pleasant, not more than three hundred people were in attendance. The home team played a poor game throughout, making glaring and inexcusable errors, for which they were severely reprimanded by the local press. The visitors made a good display in the field, and batted Cummings for thirteen base-hits, yet no runs were earned, chances being given in each instance to retire the side before runs were scored. Mr. Seward of the New Havens called play promptly at 3:30 P. M., the Hartfords going first to the bat. Burdock and Remsen, the first strikers, gave easy chances to be fielded out by short hits to the infield, after which Higham scored a safe hit and stole second, where he was left, Ferguson retiring on a fly to Sweasey. Kessler, the first striker for the Cincinnatis, took his base on called balls, but was forced out at second by Clack's hit to Ferguson, Burdock's low throw sporting a chance for a double-play. Gould and Jones followed with safe hits, Remsen's wild throw home of the latter's hit letting Clack in. By Snyder's hit to Ferguson, Jones was forced out at second base, another bad throw to first by Burdock losing a chance for a double-play, and allowing Gould to score; Parson's fly to Mills closing the inning, with the visitors in the van by a score of 2 to 0. This lead they increased by one run in the second inning, when, after two of the Reds had been disposed of, Remsen and Fisher made hits, the latter's double, and the consequence was that seven runs—five earned—were made by the St. Louis, thus placing them again in the van. The Athletics received a blank as their share of the ninth inning, although Hall had led off with a splendid two-base hit. The weak point of the Athletics in this game was their outfielding, and it is thought that an error was made in not putting in Zettlein to pitch, especially in the last inning. Hall's splendid batting was a noteworthy feature of this game. The Mr. Lowell Club has upheld its name, and deserve much credit for their victory. Below will be found the full score:

ST. LOUIS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Luthers, l. f.	5	2	2	2	0	0
Clapp, c.	5	2	2	7	0	3
McGeary, 2 b.	6	1	3	3	6	1
Pike, c.	5	0	3	1	0	0
Battin, 3d b.	5	3	3	2	4	2
Blong, r. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Bradley, p.	5	0	1	3	0	0
Schlain, s. s.	5	2	1	2	2	0
Mack, s. s.	5	2	0	0	2	0
Totals	49	16	19	27	12	8

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Foster, s. s.	5	1	2	1	3	0
Fisler, 1st b.	5	1	1	5	0	1
Meyerle, 2 b.	5	1	4	3	2	0
Malone, c.	5	1	1	7	3	1
Coons, r. f.	5	1	1	2	0	2
Hall, l. f.	5	2	3	4	0	1
Sensenderf, c. f.	5	2	2	0	0	0
Zettlein, c. f.	5	1	2	0	1	1
Totals	46	11	17	27	14	12

St. Louis	1	0	0	2	2	2	2	0	7—16
Athletic	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	6	3—11

Runs earned—St. Louis, 5; Athletic, 5. First base on errors—St. Louis 5; Athletic, 3. Bases on called balls—St. Louis, 3. Double-plays—Battin, McGeary and Dehlman, 1. Umpire, Warren White of Wellington. Time, 1h. 25m.

HARVARD vs. YALE.

Over four thousand people were witnesses of the first championship game of the present season between the nines of Harvard and Yale, which took place on Jarvis Field, Cambridge, Mass., June 3, and proved a very interesting encounter, it being anybody's game until the close of the ninth inning. The first run made in the game was secured by Yale in the fifth inning, on a passed ball by Thatcher, and in the sixth Harvard squared accounts, Latham, after a good hit which enabled him to reach third base, being brought home by Sawyer's safe hit. In the eighth inning the weather became crimson stained in three more runs, Thatcher and Sawyer getting bases on errors, and reaching home on Leeds' fine hit to left field, the striker himself taking second, and coming in on Wright's safe hit. Harvard stock was now high, but their friends began to quake in their boots when the Yales landed two runs in the ninth inning (the Hartfords having retired for nix)—Wheaton getting his base on Wright's error, stealing second, going to the next bag on Dewer hit, and reaching Langdon on a passed ball, which also took Dewer to third, the latter scoring on Anthony's hit to Sawyer. It depended on Downer to tie or win, and the excitement when he seized the bat was intense, but he put a speedy end to it by striking out, leaving the boys in blue one behind. The pitching on both sides was most creditable, and Harvard's superior batting and base-running more than offset Yale's better fielding.

HARVARD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Leeds, s. s.	1	1	0	2	3
Wright, 1st b.	0	1	11	0	1
Tyng, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Thayer, 2d b.	0	0	1	0	0
Ernst, p.	0	0	0	2	1
Dow, r. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Latham, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Thatcher, c.	1	0	6	4	2
Sawyer, 3d b.	1	1	2	4	1
Totals	4	5	27	12	10

YALE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Morgan, c.	0	0	8	2	1
Bigelow, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	0
Wheaton, s. s.	1	0	0	4	0
Dewer, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Carter, p.	1	0	1	1	1
Anthony, 2d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Downer, 1st b.	0	0	13	0	1
Williams, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Mason, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	3	1	27	11	3

Harvard	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	0—4
Yale	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1—3

Umpire, Mr. Stratton. Time, 1h. 40m.

RIVERSIDE vs. MEMPHIS.

The Riversides of Louisville, Ky., played the Memphis (Tenn.) Club May 27, and were beaten, the score standing 16 to 8. On May 29 a return match was played, and the Riversides turned the tables by defeating the Memphis boys in a closely-contested game.

MEMPHIS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ellick, c.	0	0	2	1	0
Meath, s. s.	0	0	1	3	1
Walker, 1st b.	0	0	6	1	0
Clinton, p.	1	2	1	1	0
Whitaker, 2d b.	0	1	1	2	0
Trumbull, l. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Raja, 3d b.	0	0	6	1	1
Kelly, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Wright, c. f.	0	1	1	1	1
Totals	3	6	27	13	

RIVERSIDE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brookshaw, 3d b.	3	1	4	1	4
Leech, p.	1	2	0	1	
O'Brien, s. s.	0	0	0	3	0
Dyler, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Berg, 2d b.	1	0	0	3	3
Devininey, c. f.	1	0	1	1	0
Totten, c.	0	0	11	1	0
Nicholson, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Walsh, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	0
Totals	7	5	27	12	

Riverside	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	2—6
Memphis	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—8

Runs earned—Riversides, 3; Memphis, 2. First base by errors—Riverside, 5; Memphis, 3. Umpire, Mr. Chart of the Resolute Club. Time, 2h.

ATHLETIC vs. ST. LOUIS—THIRD GAME.

The most exciting of the three championship games last week between the Athletics and St. Louis Browns in Philadelphia was the one played June 3. The Athletics, who were without Scott Eggler's valuable services, played Knight as pitcher and Zettlein at centre-field, while Sutton and Meyerle resumed their original positions. The St. Louis presented their full strength; Battin, however, being lame from the effects of an accident.

"THE SONGS THAT I LOVED LONG AGO."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Ah, no! I never hear them now—
I say it with a heartfelt sigh;
They seem to me like pleasant dreams,
The songs of happy days gone by;
Each one recalls the tone of voice
Of some old friend I used to know;
But they are gone, and with them went
"The songs that I loved long ago."

What were they? Will I give their names?
Ah, yes, my friend, indeed will I;
There was "O Susannah," "Mary Blane,"
And "Old Bob Ridley," "Rise-tailed Fly,"
And "Come Back, Stephen," "Lucy Neal,"
And good old "Alabama Joe."
Why do you smile? *These* were the songs—
"The songs that I loved long ago." J. H. B.

OLD TOM'S PRETTY WIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. H. CONNELLY.

A more shy, reserved, deprecatory, yet kind-hearted and talented fellow I never knew in the profession than Tom Hollinshaw. He had vague ideas that nature intended him for low comedy, and that was what he went for at first, whenever he could get a few lines to speak; but some accidental impersonation of an old man—in consequence of the "sudden indisposition" of the person who was to have played it, if I remember aright—fixed him in that groove. He made a little hit in the part, and from that time on was always thrust into playing the unimportant old men. Poor Tom! he used privately to bewail the fate that thus clipped the wings of his genius, but had not energy enough to struggle against it. Indeed, whatever he thought about it, everybody else was agreed that nature fully intended that he should play old men, and made that intent evident even in his infancy. Perhaps it would not be strictly accurate to say that he was born old, but he certainly ceased very soon to be young. When only a lad, the care of an invalid widowed mother and a younger sister—who soon turned out to be a very wayward girl, I am sorry to say—devolved upon him, and this responsibility, no doubt, had much to do with his premature ageing. When I first knew him, he was but twenty-one years old, yet a stranger would have been most likely to guess his age at a dozen years more. He had uncertain light-blue eyes, flaxen hair, a thin frame, and actual wrinkles on his brow and temples even then; he walked with a slight stoop, and his voice was a piping treble, especially when he was at all excited. Then, he was slow of speech and of gait, and had a tremulous lip, which, when oppressed with a consciousness of, he used to try to cover with a wipe of the back of his hand. Yes, Tom Hollinshaw looked old, and acted old, and—worse than all else—felt old, and as that, whatever his mother might pretend to know about his age, he was old; that, indeed, she might in reality be his daughter, for all we could see to the contrary.

Imagine, if you can, our surprise, when suddenly Tom bloomed out in a violent effort to be young. He appeared among us one morning, at rehearsal, in a smart suit of clothes, with a rose in his buttonhole, tapping with his natty little cane his varnished boots, trying to talk lightly with those about him, and even going so far, in sustaining his new character, as to refuse a pinch of snuff which the prompter offered him. The mystery was soon solved. Open-hearted little fellow he could not have kept a secret to have saved his soul. He was desperately in love with one of the ladies of the newly-imported ballet. Adela Lamalle she called herself, but she was in fact an English girl, whose real name was Sarah Melton. That she was pretty enough to turn the head of our innocent Tom, none could have her and doubt. Her large eyes were very dark and full of lustrous light; her black hair rippled in minute waves above a broad, low brow, white as snow; her lips were thick, short, and very red; her ears were small and beautifully molded; her nose was straight, and her form was the perfection of voluptuousness and supple grace. There was a sensation in the company when she made her first appearance at first night, and that is pretty good evidence that she was beautiful.

Contrary to all our expectations, Tom's suit progressed favorably and rapidly. In a few nights, it became accepted as a matter of course that he would see her home after the performance; and at rehearsal, or during the evening, when they were not on the stage, we were always finding them in dark corners among the wings. Tom seemed full of happiness all the time, and maintained his assumption of youth with such deceptive perfection that we actually began to doubt if we had not been mistaken about his age. Finally, when, one Monday morning, Tom confided, in strictest secrecy, to a dozen friends in rapid succession, that he and Sarah had been quietly married the day before, nobody was much surprised. There were some among us who feared that our friend Tom had got a bad bargain, but it would have been very impertinent to say so upon mere suspicion, and we just held our tongues, and hoped we were mistaken.

When the run of that grand spectacle was ended, our foreign ballet all broke up. A few of them went to other establishments in different parts of the country, others returned to Europe, and some disappeared from our knowledge. Those last were the ones who had most distinguished themselves by late supper jollifications and Sunday sleigh-rides, while dancing with us, and we used to know them as "the sealskin brigade." Tom wanted to get his wife out of the ballet and did all he could to bring about little chances for her to go on with lines, and to persuade her to do so. But he had one great difficulty to contend with. Miss A. Lamalle as she now appeared on the bills, had an irrepressible and insatiable desire for showing herself in public with the minimum of costume allowable, and positive aversion for going on in any other way. Balzac says somewhere: "Many women are ruined by the beauty of their figures, their vanity not allowing them to remain in the hideousness thereof alone." That was what ailed Tom's wife. She had no taste for the drama—she only cared to exhibit the loveliness of her physical proportions for popular admiration. Perhaps she realized that brains was not her "long suit," as a whist-player might say.

I was a confidential friend of Tom's; nobody, I think, knows more than I of how much he loved her, and consequently no one else can so fully sympathize with him, and find excuses for his conduct when that love brought unutterable anguish to his tender heart.

Some months after his marriage Tom began dropping back into his old ways, and giving up the smartness of his temporary youth. He wore his clothes until they looked seedy, avoided company where a few glasses of ale would be the certain incidentals of a meeting, walked to and from rehearsal in order to save car-fare—though his home was at a considerable distance from the theatre—and, in short, so conducted himself that we said: "We were right, after all; Tom was old all the time, so old that he was developing into a miser;" for now we knew he was getting a good salary as second old man, and could see no reason for his almost ostentatious affectation of penury, even if his wife did dress better than the leading woman. I thought as the rest did until he explained it to me.

"You don't know," said he to me, "what a dear, good-hearted little wife I've got. I found out quite accidentally that she was all the time sending back to England all the money she could rake and scrape together—beyond what she needs herself for her dresses, you know. Of course I didn't understand it, for she never said anything to me about any relatives back there. Don't imagine that she intentionally concealed anything from me. I didn't intend, and she was too delicate to refer to the subject without I mentioned it. But I did ask her why she sent the money? 'Ah, Tom,' she replied, 'it is a sacred trust,' and her beautiful eyes filled with tears as she laid her loving little head on my shoulder. It seemed to affect her so that I refrained from saying anything more. Some poor old mother, or little sister, perhaps, in distress, I suppose, and my little darling's feelings are so sensitive that she is ashamed to tell even her husband. Some people are that way. They hate to own up that they have poor relations. I can understand the feeling, though I'm not that way myself. I think it's all people's luck. It was your father's luck to be only a property-man's assistant, and my mother's to be a sewer in the wardrobe-room. They had several children—most of whom were lucky enough to die young—and, of course, were always poor. But I don't see anything in it to blush for. They were honest—so long, however, as Adele feels otherwise, she shall keep to herself the secret of her 'sacred trust,' for all me."

I have said that the women of our company hated Adele when they first saw her. They always did; and one of them—a Mrs. Blencker, wife of a member of the orchestra—was not the woman to hate anybody without making her feeling felt. She had made friends with one of the girls who went back to London, and that girl sent her a letter, which contained this sentence: "Sarah Melton, or Adele Lamalle, as you first knew her, has a child here, about four years old, and sends money all the time for its keeping."

Before the curtain was rung down on the third act, on the evening of the day upon which that cruel letter was received, every member of the company, excepting two, had read or heard that blasting sentence. The two exceptions were Tom and his wife. They were standing together in the second entrance—he made up as an octogenarian, she as a boy—when Mrs. Blencker came around to them from near the prompt desk, and, with that air of guarding kindness a woman loves to display when doing the most villainous and deadly things, said to Adele:

"Oh, Mrs. Hollinshaw, I got a letter from Minnie Rush to-day, and she tells me she has seen your child in London, and it's as pretty as a little angel. Why don't you bring the darling over here? I can't think how you can bear to be separated from it."

Tom, trembling and breathless, listened to the woman's malicious revelation in silence, then turned a look of supplicating inquiry upon his wife. She, taken by surprise, stood mute and pale, with a look of fright in her large eyes, resembling that look, read in it that the charge was true, and the next moment fell headlong, senseless, upon the stage.

I happened to have an exit at that entrance but a moment after his fall, and, seeing him, fortunately had presence of mind enough to cut short my last speech in the scene, spring to him and bear him off into his dressing-room. The woman Blencker had disappeared. All the others of the company who were off the stage on the prompt side followed in a crowd to his room, pushing, asking questions and offering absurd suggestions for recovering him from his swoon. Adele, simply saying "Excuse me," shut the door in their faces and bolted it. She had time to recover herself and decide upon her line of defense. I laid him down upon the long bench under the dressing-shelf, and sprinkled some water on his face. As I did so, Adele knelt by his side, with one arm embracing him, waiting for some sign of returning consciousness. When he opened his eyes they rested upon her face and head, weeping on his bosom, and heard her name—she stopped with kisses.

"Oh, Tom—dear old Tom," she sobbed, "I loved you so much I couldn't bear to tell you. I was afraid you would not love me as much if I told you I was a widow."

Was that all? Tom felt the deepest remorse for having, even for a single moment, suspected his darling. Pressing her tenderly to his bosom, he kissed and consoled her, dried her tears and then wept with her again for very joy. He believed every word she chose to tell him.

I left them alone and told the people outside that Tom was better, and would be all right directly. So he was, for the stage was kept waiting a full two minutes on his account, and I suppose the hissing and stamping audience thought it was half an hour, judging from the noise they made.

As he came off again, he met Mrs. Blencker and said to her with grave politeness:

"My wife desires to present her compliments to you, and to thank you for your pleasing corroboration of the reports of her little Lucy, which she receives regularly from her deceased husband's sister, who has charge of the child."

Mrs. Blencker bit her lips and was silent. The men of the company were willing enough to believe Adele's story, for Tom's sake; but the women proposed not to, and used to take occasion from that time on to ask her questions about her little Lucy, with kind words, but such venomously suggestive intonation and manner as women only are capable of.

The next season thereafter, not all Tom's persuasion could induce her to accept an engagement in that theatre. She sought and readily found a place in another, a respectable establishment, but not exactly first-class, as was the one which she left. The house where she went had no place for Tom, however, and he remained with us, consoling himself by the reflection: "We are only separated for a few hours at a time. It's not so bad as if we had to be in different cities." She seemed to like her new position better than the old one. Burlesque, spectacle and sensation were the reliances there, instead of comedy and drama, as with us, and in those fields she had all the opportunity she desired to flaunt her pink fleshings to the unceasing delight of the bald-headed men in the orchestra-chairs.

Not long after Adele's season at the new place commenced she sported a set of diamonds. Now, Tom, although an absurdly innocent fellow, and imbued with a blind love and confidence in his pretty wife, had sense enough to know that it would have taken five months of every cent of salary she got to buy those diamonds, so he very naturally asked her where she got them. Her story was ready. Her old aunt in England had sent them to her, and she exhibited a letter—the envelope unfortunately lost—in which the gift was mentioned. It was really astonishing what a fondness for her niece that aged British aunt suddenly developed, if her affection might be judged by the value of her presents. More costly jewelry, a superb watch, with the monogram A. M. on it in diamonds, a cashmere shawl, which Tom thought was only a paisley, a set of rich furs, and I don't remember all else of gorgeous apparel, were successively noted as among Adele's acquisitions by the watchful eyes of Mrs. Blencker and her friends, who took good care to never quite lose sight of her, and equally good care to hide none of their discoveries from public knowledge. But Tom didn't mind what they said. He knew that all those pretty things came from her good aunt in England.

"How well your wife is looking, Tom," said one of our young ladies to him, as they met at the first entrance, one evening. "I saw her to-day, and she seemed handsomer than ever."

"I believe she does," answered Tom, with gratified pride; "were you over to see her?"

"Oh, no. She is too grand for us now. I saw her out driving on the road in the afternoon."

"On the road! That could not have been. She told me she was in an extra rehearsal to-day."

"Extra, no doubt," replied the young woman dryly; "but I can't be mistaken in people I know. Didn't they stop at the Sunny Grove House and get out? and didn't she pull her veil over her face when she saw me?"

"And here comes Uncle Panorme to tell us all about it," sounded from the lips of the juvenile man on the stage.

"All about what, my children?" squeaked Tom in an aged voice, taking his cue and tottering on to speak his lines.

The performance that evening seemed to him a horrible nightmare. Half the time he was scarcely conscious of the lines he was speaking, and over and over again he felt a mad impulse to rush away from the theatre as he was, seek his wife, and demand an explanation. Twice he sent the call-boy around the corner for a glass of brandy—a thing he had never been known to do before—and the unaccustomed potations set his head reeling by the time the last scene of the play was over.

Hurriedly changing his costume, he sprang into a hack which he had had called to the stage-door, and ordered the driver to take him to his home with all possible speed. When he arrived there, his wife was absent. He drove to the theatre where she was engaged. She had got through and gone away an hour before. Home again he hastened, and this time found her. The brandy had given him unwonted force and directness of purpose.

"Where have you been since you left the theatre?" he demanded.

Adele, quick to understand that he had been seeking her, replied:

"I was tired and faint when I got through, so Miss Walters and I stopped at a restaurant and got some oysters and a glass of ale. That's all."

"And this afternoon—where were you? Were you out driving with a gentleman?"

"I! Out driving! With a gentleman!" she exclaimed, with a look of utter astonishment. "Oh, Tom, how can you say such a thing!" and her ready tears began to flow copiously.

Tom felt that her tears were fast washing his resolution away, but still had sense enough to know that he must be a firm, now that he had started upon an investigation.

"You do not answer me," he said; "I have been told that you were, that you stopped with a man at the Sunny Grove House. Where were you?"

Her artfully managed sobs and broken utterances gave her time to collect her thoughts.

"How cruel you are, Tom, to come to me with such awful stories—when you know—how hard I—have to work."

"But where were you?" he persisted.

"Where was I? Let me see. Oh! I remember all now. First we had a long rehearsal of a difficult concerted act-finale in the new burlesque. Then I went to Mme. Bontemps, the dancing teacher, for a lesson, and did not get away until time for supper, and the theatre."

"Come, put on your bonnet. We are going to Mme. Bontemps. There is a carriage at the door."

She tried to persuade him to wait until the next day, hoping to have time first to communicate with her witness; but he was firm in his refusal, and she had to submit.

Mme. Bontemps came from her bed, in a state of great astonishment, to receive the untimely callers. She was a little, lean, small-eyed, cunning-looking French woman, wearing a greasy dressing-gown, and with her hair in curl-papers.

Tom demanded to know if his wife had taken a lesson that afternoon. One glance from the old woman's keen eyes at the face of the young wife was sufficient to tell her what her answer should be if she consulted her own interests.

"Certainment," she replied.

With many apologies for his intrusion, Tom led his wife away.

When they were gone Mme. Bontemps picked up something from the floor, near where Adele had stood, examined it, saw that it was a ten-dollar bill, and, chuckling to herself:

"Ah, ciel! what a fool ze husband always is!" retired again to her rest.

That danger blew over, but her success seemed to render Adele reckless.

One she did not come home until daylight, and even then was plainly under the influence of stimulants. But still she had art enough to persuade her fond husband that her protracted absence and condition were the results of having gone home with a lady friend, who had been suddenly taken very ill at the theatre, and, when overcome by weariness and headache, had drunk a single glass of brandy. After that, sickness among her friends, requiring her kind attentions at late hours of the night, became astoundingly prevalent. Tom investigated two or three cases, and in each the young females to whom he was referred—brassy-looking girls, with fuzzy, tow-tinted hair, and addicted to the extensive use of rouge and powder—low-cut, full evening-dress for day wear in their rooms—assured him that they had been very ill indeed, and believed they would have died but for dear Adele. Of course he could not see them, when their doors were closed upon his exit, go through the expressive pantomime of whittling the forefinger of the left hand with that on the right.

Once he found in Adele's dressing-case a love-letter from a man. She simply said:

"Now, don't be a goose, you dear, foolish fellow. You have often told me I was pretty—in the days when you loved me—and you know any pretty woman runs the risk of receiving very such notes from impertinent rascals whom she would never dream of knowing."

That was quite enough for him—for that time.

But he found a second letter—not so accidentally as he had the first—in which the writer, who neglected to sign his name, spoke of "raptures of the past," and hoped for "another meeting very soon." That, she averred, must be the malicious work of Mrs. Blencker, or some other of her wicked enemies, for very sure she was that no man ever had reason to write so to her.

Sometimes Tom believed her; sometimes he doubted. The first was when he was with her, the second when out of her bewitching presence. In the excitement of his state of uncertainty, jealousy, love and grief, he took to drinking and lost his situation. After a short season of enforced idleness, he got an engagement with a traveling company, all he could obtain, and left the city. The troupe with which his fortunes were temporarily thrown was unsuccessful, and broke up in an interior town, leaving its members to get home as they best could.

Tom got back to the city on an early train, and hurried at once to his rooms. Adele was not there to greet him. There was no fire in the grate. The clock on the mantel was stopped. Dust lay thick on the centre-table. A daily paper, from which a notice had been clipped, lay upon the bed, and, before I ever saw you. Why, a nobleman loved me in England. Yes, he did, and my little Lucy's his child, so she is. Oh, how jolly green you are!" And she laughed loud and long.

Tom with difficulty checked a desire to clutch the fair threat before him, and choke out its wicked life, and listened. She continued:

"I married you to get a respectable standing again. A married woman can do lots better on the make than a girl can. Better—yes, indeed she can. Look at my diamonds and my fine dresses. Could I have got them if I'd staid merely Miss Lamalle? I guess not. A supper and a bottle of wine would have been good enough for me then—here in this blasted country, at all events. You haven't got any lords, like the father of my Lucy, to take care of a girl here. But your rich old fellows like married women—think they're safer from exposure with them. Oh, I know their sort."

"Am I to understand," asked Tom, with constrained calm, "that all the fine things you told me came from your aunt were the wages of your shame and the dishonor of my name?"

"Call 'em what you please, they all came from my lovers—I hain't got no aunt—never had none. Oh, I'm one of the old independent girls when I get started. Yes, I am. And you! why, you're a fool, that's what you are, and that's what I married you for. I wanted a fool for a husband; one that couldn't see a thing that was right under his nose; and didn't I fool you nice. Ha! ha! ha!"

Tom carefully walked out into the street, too much overcome and horrified to speak, or even to wreak upon the evil woman the vengeance she deserved.

That night he again took the supe's place. He had drunk a great deal during the day, but his drinking had brought to him not intoxication, but a sort of suppressed madness. His condition was not noticed, and he went through the business of his humble role without attracting any attention from anybody.

It was near the close of the burlesque that Adele, in her scanty demon-dress, was to be shot up on the stage through a star trap. This was a rare feat for a woman to go through, and her execution of it constituted a prominent feature of her role. Just before she went down to the trap-room to take her place on the little platform, and after the master machinist had himself seen that the machinery of the trap was all in perfect order, a figure in a brigand's dress—that in which all the supernumeraries were clad—might have been seen skulking about unnoticed in the vicinity of the trap, hustled apparently with its rough garb.

Adele came running down the steps. The master-machinist hurried forward from where he had been preparing something under the back of the stage for the final transformation-scene, and turned up the solitary jet of gas which lighted the trap. She took her place between the slotes of the trap, drew herself up perfectly straight, and put her hands over her face, with her elbows close to her breast. A moment of perfect silence followed. Then came the single heavy stamp upon the stage overhead which was the signal. One movement of the machinist's vigorous arm in aid of the impetus of the descending weights, and the platform shot upward, bearing it darted forward. But when it was halfway up to the stage-floor there came a violent noise as of a concussion, a wrench as if all the trap were being torn to pieces, and then the platform stopped. A shriek of mortal agony resounded from above, through the crowded theatre and penetrating even these gloomy depths. Adele had gone but half through the stage, and, falling back, the cruel points were being driven into her body on all sides. The shadowy figure, at that shriek, sprang up from the darkness where it had lain hidden behind the trap, and, clutching the woman's ankles, dragged them down, thus forcing deeper into her tender flesh the murderous points which, like so many spears, were thrusting her to her life.

The master machinist saw the movement, and with a single blow struck down the murderer. The next instant the curtain fell, Adele was dragged out of the star, and in a dying condition laid upon the stage. While this was being done the machinist pulled into sight the man whom he had struck down, and, in the prevailing excitement managed to get out of the theatre unobserved.

Investigation resulted in the finding of two heavy steel pins fastened crosswise in the ropes, in the slotes of the trap, so as to chock it when half way up; but no one could imagine who had done the murderous deed, except the master machinist, and he said nothing until at the Coroner's inquest upon Adele, after the finding of the body of "poor old Tom" in the river—a suicide beyond doubt—when he told what he had seen.

SHOT IN MID-AIR.

Some years ago the famous whirlpool—about halfway between Niagara Falls and Lewiston—was, among other things, remarkable for the number of eagles that were frequently to be seen hovering over it, or seated in the arms of the lofty pines on its verge. These majestic birds were doubtless attracted to this locality by the dead bodies of animals that had come over the Falls, and that were arrested here sometimes for days together; while the summit of the towering trees afforded a fine view of the whirl. These trees formed a dense line along the gorge of the river between the two lakes, Erie and Ontario. But if this was a noted rendezvous for these monarchs of the air, it was no less so for their enemies, the hunters of the vicinity, who thought it no mean sport or feat to tumble them from their lofty perch with a single bullet; or, more difficult and exciting, to tantalizingly recall them from mid-air with the leaden messenger while making the first of those sublime spiral sweeps upward that carry them ultimately almost beyond the range of human vision.

One eye-witness of a feat of this latter description; but I confess the reminiscence is not a pleasant one. I had climbed the bank of the whirlpool, one morning, on the Canadian side, after an hour of the most miserable fishing, when I suddenly came upon an acquaintance who was one of the best hunters in the district. I saw that something was up, for he motioned me to halt and be silent. He was too late, however, for I made some remark on catching a glimpse of him. The next instant I heard sounds as of the flapping of mighty pinions, and two eagles that had just quitted their perch were sailing in mid-air above us.

Their first impulse was to soar over the whirlpool, and, what I had never observed before in such flights, they were almost side by side. In the course of a few seconds they hung above us once more, when the hunter, stepping out into an open space directly beneath them, took deliberate aim and fired. There was a convulsive movement on the part of one of them, while the other seemed to stand perfectly still in the air. The former I supposed to have been wounded; but the marksman assured me that I was mistaken, as it was the other that was hurt mortally, and was coming down gradually. And now commenced a drama in the air so touching that I shall never forget it. The bird that had not been touched flew about her wounded mate in such seeming agony, and with such a show of affection, that I could have wept for her. Although she could not but perceive us, she seemed to disregard our proximity; and the hunter was now too much moved himself to take advantage of the fact. Suddenly the wounded bird fell to the earth at my feet, and in a few seconds afterward the vanquished monarch of the air reached the earth softly, within a single yard of me. When he observed us, he sought to gather up his drooping plumage and regain his feet, but was too weak to accomplish either, although in his last throes he dyed us with the fierce and defiant a glare that I felt relieved when he fell convulsively forward and expired with a feeble scream.

In the meantime the hunter had reloaded his rifle, and I was now scarcely sorry to find that he was bringing it to bear upon the solitary mate of his sad trophy that sat listlessly close by. There was a sharp ringing noise, and she fell dead to the earth with a heavy thud. There was no pleasure or gleam of triumph in the eye of the hunter; for, as he gazed upon both the noble creatures, recently so full of life and vigor, he exclaimed mournfully: "I have shot my last eagle!"

DISASTERS AND DEATHS ON THE STAGE.

Many cases are on record where performers have been struck with paralysis or apoplexy on the stage. Moliere, when acting in his celebrated comedy of the "Malade Imaginaire," was seized on its fourth representation with a convulsive attack; he tried to conceal it with a laugh, and went on with the part, but sunk into the grave a few days afterward. In this case he had been warned by his friends, and advised to desist from acting for a time; but he did not like to interrupt the run of a new piece which was likely to benefit the manager and the company. The actor Montfleury had an attack of apoplexy on the stage; so likewise had Mondory, when playing Herode in the drama of "Marianne;" he resumed the stage again, but before long he broke down altogether. During the time of George I, an actor named Spiller was struck with apoplexy on the stage of the Lincoln's Inn Theatre. About twenty years later, also at the Norwich Theatre, Cashel, the actor was similarly seized while performing the part of Frankly in "The Suspicious Husband," and died in a few hours.

Near the close of the reign of George II, the celebrated Mrs. Woffington, the kind-hearted "Peg Woffington," was enacting the part of Rosalind in "As You Like it." When she came to the epilogue she was suddenly rendered almost speechless by paralysis, and never fully recovered. Foote the comedian was a man who would have joked even under the gravest circumstances. Although struck with paralysis while acting in his own farce of "The Devil on Two Sticks," he continued his line of punning and practical joking during the few remaining months of his life. Being recommended to go to France for the improvement of his health, he stopped a while at Dover, and went one day into the kitchen of the inn where he was sojourning, to "chaff" the cook. He told her she must have been a great traveller, from the number of miles she had been all

CRICKET.

ST. GEORGE vs. MERION.

The cricket season of 1876 was opened in this vicinity on May 30—Decoration Day—on which day the Merion Club came on here from Philadelphia to play a match—one day's play only—with the St. George eleven. Neither club had out their full strength; but the St. George had the more representative team out, the Merions being minus the services of two good men, Messrs. Morgan and Stanley. Umpire, Will De Myer of Jackson. Time, 2h. 20m.

ST. GEORGE.					MERION.				
	R.	In.	Po.	A.		R.	In.	Po.	A.
Rance b. Braithwaite	4	c. Williams	b. Fox		Holds'th, c	5	1	4	1
Gibbes c. Fox	5	c. Burridge	b. Fox		Start, 1st b	5	1	2	1
Moeran b. Fox	2	run out			Treacy, c	10	2	5	0
Giles (prof.) b. Braithwaite	4	not out			Hallinan, s. s	5	0	1	0
Tee b. Fox	2	b. Fox			Craver, 2d b	5	0	1	3
Soutter, run out	29	b. Hunt			Hicks, c	4	1	2	0
Marsh c. Fox b. Hunt	17	c. Townsend	b. Fox		Booth, r. f	4	1	2	0
Richardson, l. b. w. b. Fox	15	b. w. b. Fox			Mathews, p	4	2	3	0
Jones b. Braithwaite	5	c. Ashbridge	b. Fox		Nichols, 3d b	4	1	0	3
Cashman c. Townsend b. Fox	6	b. Fox			Holdsworth, l. f	5	0	1	0
Moore, not out	0	b. Fox			Fisher, b. w. k	3	0	6	0
Leg-bye	1	Byes, 2; wide, 1; leg-byes, 3			Scattergood, c. f	3	0	1	0
Total	88	Total			Total	69			

Runs scored at the fall of each wicket:

First inning	4	6	11	15	16	62	62	73	85
Second inning	14	20	33	34	37	57	57	68	88

MERION.	Second Inning.		
Holdsworth b. Marsh	2		
Williams, l. b. w. b Marsh	25	c. Rance	b. Moeran
Hunt b. Jones	2	b. Jones	
Ashbridge, run out	7	b. Richardson	
Haines, run out	2	b. Soutter	
Fox b. Soutter	0	c. and b. Marsh	
Waln b. Richardson	5	not out	
Townsend, not out	0	b. Marsh	
Braithwaite (prof.) b Richardson	0	b. Marsh	
Morris b. Richardson	0	b. Moeran	
Otter, absent	0	absent	
Bye, 1; leg bye, 1; wide, 1	3	Byes	
Total	48	Total	

Runs made at the fall of each wicket:

First inning	7	13	30	35	37	47	48	48	48
Second inning	11	11	11	16	21	23	41	45	69

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

ST. GEORGE—First Inning.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Braithwaite	102	39	6	3	0
Fox	73	27	3	5	0
Williams	18	7	1	0	0
Haines	6	4	0	0	1
Hunt	12	6	0	1	
	Second Inning.				
Braithwaite	84	25	1	0	1
Fox	106	41	2	8	
Hunt	72	31	1	2	
MERION CLUB—First Inning.					
Giles	24	13	0	0	0
Jones	60	15	4	2	0
Soutter	54	14	3	3	0
Marsh	18	3	1	1	0
Richardson	5	0	0	3	0
	Second Inning.				
Marsh	30	13	1	4	0
Moeran	34	15	0	2	0
Richardson	30	25	0	1	0
Soutter	36	10	1	1	0
Jones	18	2	2	1	0

THE MANHATTAN CLUB.

The opening match of the Manhattan Cricket Club was played May 30 at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y. The sides were chosen by Messrs. Hosford and Makin. After a very pleasant time, the game resulted in a victory for the former's side.

HOSFORD'S SIDE.		MAKIN'S SIDE.	
Hosford b. Makin	19	Makin, run out	6
Greig b. Jenkins	35	McDougal b. Hosford	12
Higginson c. and b. Jenkins	9	Jenkins b. Greig	6
H. Tucker c. Greig b. Jenkins	8	J. Tucker b. Hosford	5
C. Gilbert b. Jenkins	5	Steward b. Tucker	0
Oakley b. McDougal	2	Neeves, not out	0
Hogg, not out	0	Reid b. Tucker	0
Gerow b. McDougal	0	Fraser b. Tucker	0
Leg byes, 5; wide, 1	6	Extras	0
Total	79	Total	49

ALPHA vs. LOWELL.

The Alpha Cricket Club of Salem and the Blue Stars of Lowell played a match game on Salem, Mass., Common, May 30, with a result as recorded below. Only one inning was played.

BLUE STARS OF LOWELL.		ALPHAS OF SALEM.	
H. S. Perkins, run out	3	Maher, run out	0
King c. Mullane b. Hastings	27	Fowler, thrown out Symonds	0
Peck b. Fowler	12	Roberts c. Mahoney b. Eastwood	2
Mahoney b. Harriman	14	Molishan c. Peck b. Eastwood	15
H. F. Perkins c. Maher b. Harriman	15	Duckworth, run out	0
Eastwood c. and b. Harriman	67	Allen b. Eastwood	6
Willard, l. b. w. Harriman	18	Harriman b. Mahoney	0
Ives stmp. Duckworth b. Fowler	19	Hastings, not out	9
Symonds b. Harriman	19	Hanson b. Eastwood	0
Weston, not out	5	Benjamin c. F. Perkins b. Eastwood	0
Putnam, c. and b. Fowler	4	Constantine, run out	0
Wilson	7	Byes	1
Byes	7	Leg-byes	1
Total	213	Total	30

BASEBALL.

HARTFORD vs. CINCINNATI.

These two clubs met for the first time at Hartford, Ct., May 30, when the representative team from Ohio received their allowance of goose-eggs, this being the first shut-out game played in Hartford this season. The Hartfords put Cummings in to pitch, and his twisting curves puzzled the visitors greatly, they making no less than forty-two ineffectual attempts to hit the sphere, and but three base-hits. Mr. Seward, who umpired the game correctly, called play promptly at 3.30, the Hartfords going first to the bat. Burdock and Remsen, the latter batsman, were retired on foul bounds by Snyder and Pearson, and Higham, who had earned his first, stole second, and was fielded out by Pearson while attempting to steal third. In this visitors' 1st, Gould was given a life by Ferguson's error, but was forced out at second by Booth's hit to Cummings, whose slow fielding lost an easy chance for a double-play. A wild pitch soon after let Booth from first to third base, where he was left, Jones striking out and Snyder fouling out to Allison. The second inning resulted in blanks for both sides, Carey, who scored a safe hit, being the only one to reach first base for the Hartfords; while safe hits by Kessler and Clack, and a passed ball, after two men were out, left third and second bases occupied by the Reds; but a quick recovery from a fumble by Ferguson of Fisher's sharp hit prevented run-getting. Booth hit safe in the third, and was the only player to occupy a base after this until the sixth inning, the pitching and fielding of both nines being particularly lovely. In the sixth, after Clack had retired York on a fly, Mills, Allison and Burdock filled the bases by safe hits; but the side was retired without runs by Booth's fine catch of a difficult fly from Remsen, on which he doubled up Mills at third. In the eighth, errors by Snyder and Booth gave the home-team two runs, which they increased by four more in the ninth inning, after chances had been given to put the side out, Kessler, Snyder and Pearson making damaging errors. Up to the eighth inning the visitors played a fine fielding game, and Fisher pitched with good effect throughout, being well backed up by Pearson, who distinguished himself in the ninth inning by a beautiful one-hand catch of a foul bound, after a long run. The Hartfords played a good, steady game in the field, Cummings' pitching, Allison's catching and Cary's short-field play being the noticeable features.

HARTFORD.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.	CINCINNATI.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burdock, 2b	0	3	0	3	0	Gould, lf	0	1	1	0	0
Remsen, c. f	1	5	0	0	4	0	Booth, s. s	1	4	0	1	2
Higham, r. f	1	4	2	1	1	0	Jones, c. f	0	4	0	1	2
Ferguson, 3b	0	4	2	1	1	0	Snyder, 1. f	0	4	0	2	2
Carey, s. s	0	4	0	1	1	4	0	Pearson, c	0	3	0	0	2
Gumm'ge, p	0	4	0	0	0	7	2	Foley, 3d b	0	3	0	3	0
York, 1. f	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	Kessler, r. f	0	3	1	1	0
Mills, 1st b	0	3	0	1	0	10	0	Fisher, p	0	3	0	1	0
Anson, c	0	4	1	2	8	1	1	Fisher, p	0	3	0	0	0
Total	3	36	6	9	27	14	4	Total	1	31	0	3	27

Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	—6
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Total bases on hits—Hartford, 10; Cincinnati, 3. First base by errors—Hartford, 2; Cincinnati, 2. Left on bases—Hartford, 3; Cincinnati, 4. Struck out—Hartford, 4; Cincinnati, 3. Balls called—on Cummings, 15; on Fisher, 9; on Umpire, G. T. Seward of New Haven. Time, 1h. 30m.

BUCKEYE vs. ACTIVE.

The second game between the Actives of Reading, Pa., and the Buckeyes of Columbus, O., took place on the grounds of the latter May 27. The "Buckeyes" entered the game confident that the club they had beaten the day previously, by a score of 7 to 2, would fall an easy victim. This overconfidence came near costing them the game, for at the close of the first half of the fifth inning the bulletin-board said "Actives, 5; Buckeyes, 1." The Bucks then awoke to the fact that they didn't have a "feast" before them, and went to the bat with the determination to make a rally for the lead. So well did they rally that the Actives failed to score another run, while the Bucks managed to pile up six more:

BUCKEYE.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.	ACTIVE.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burke, s. s	1	0	0	4	0	James, c. f	2	3	3	0	3
Martin, 2d b	1	1	2	2	0	Goodman, 1st b	1	1	9	0	3
Dodds, 1st b	0	3	10	0	0	Heifer, 3d b	0	0	1	6	1
Foran, r. f	1	0	0	0	1	Lovett, p	0	0	1	1	1
Barnie, c	1	1	10	4	1	Ressler, r. f	0	0	0	0	1
Boschor, 3d b	1	0	1	2	0	Koap, c	1	1	5	4	4
Nolan, p	1	1	2	1	0	Dillon, l. f	1	1	3	3	2
Mansell, l. f	1	0	5	0	3	Stott, 2d b	0	0	0	0	4
West, c. f	0	0	1	0	0	Warren, r. s	0	0	0	0	2
Total	7	8	27	13	5	Total	5	7	27	15	16

Buckeyes	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	3	—6
Active	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—5

Umpire, R. Summers of Leatherstockings of Lancaster, O.

YALE vs. HARVARD.

The Freshman nines of Yale and Harvard met at New Haven, Ct., May 31, the blues proving victorious by the score below:

YALE.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.	HARVARD.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.
Armstrong, s. s	2	3	1	2	7	Blanchard, s. s	1	3	1	6	7
Anthony, 2d b	1	0	1	5	4	Wright, 1st b	2	3	14	0	0
Morrhead, 3d b	3	1	2	1	1	Driver, c	1	1	4	1	8
Platt, p	0	1	0	0	0	Lee, p	0	1	0	4	0
Waldo, 1st b	1	1	16	0	3	Ellis, l. f	0	3	0	0	0
Thompson, c	2	0	5	3	3	Munn, 2d b	2	1	2	3	3
Richmond, c. f	1	1	1	0	0	Kinsey, c. f	1	3	2	0	0
Brown, l. f	0	0	0	0	0	Spalding, r. f	0	2	0	0	0
Crump, r. f	1	1	0	0	1	Alger, 3d b	1	1	1	5	5
Total	14	9	27	16	23	Total	8	15	5	27	14

Yale	2	0	0	3	0	4	3	2	0	—14
Harvard	2	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	0	—8

Passed balls—Yale, 8; Harvard, 6. Wild pitches—Yale, 2; Harvard, 2. Left on bases—Yale, 5; Harvard, 7. Umpire, Mr. Comstock of Brown University. Time, 2h. 20m.

LOUISVILLE vs. MUTUAL.

The first contest of the series between the Louisville and Mutual Clubs took place on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., on May 30—Decoration Day—and the assemblage present on the occasion was the largest seen on the field since last Fourth of July, fully 4,000 people witnessing the match, a number of ladies being present, for the first time this season. The Mutuals presented their full nine on the occasion. All were in good trim for play except Treacy, who was suffering from a severe headache, and was "out of sorts" generally, as his play showed. The Louisvilles were in anything but good form, their pitcher laboring under the disadvantage of a lameness in his thigh, a serious drawback to a pitcher's effectiveness in delivery, both as regards pace and command of the ball. The nine, as a whole, too, did not play with spirit, there being some poor fielding done in the right field, and some important mistakes at first base. The points, too, of the game were not played well in the field, the only redeeming feature being Snyder's fine play behind the bat, and Somerville's fielding at second base. The contest was close up to the seventh inning, the Louisvilles leading off with one run, scored by Hague and Gerhardt's hits, and a failure of Craver to touch second base before he threw out Devlin, Hague thereby having a life given him. Gerhardt sending him home by his two-base hit. After this no scoring was done until the fifth inning, when loose fielding by Bechtel and an error by Gerhardt led to the Mutuals securing a blank, they scoring two runs afterwards on two single base-hits. In the seventh inning the Louisvilles became temporarily demoralized, the Mutuals punishing Devlin for four base-hits, two errors by Bechtel and two by Gerhardt assisting them to score five runs, but two being earned. This was all the scoring done by the Mutuals in the game. In the eighth inning Mathews gave the Louisvilles a run-in on a base-hit by a wild throw and a bad pitch, a fumble afterwards by Devlin and a thrown him by Hicks giving the run. He fielded finely in every other inning, making several beautiful stops. The final result was the success of the Mutuals by the appended score. The contest was not worthy of lengthened description, the Louisvilles not playing up to the mark they are capable of. The umpiring was excellent. Holdsworth's batting was specially noteworthy; indeed, the Mutuals handled the ash with excellent effect, batting well to right field.

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holds'th, c f	5	1	4	1	0	0	Hastings, c f	4	1	1	0	0	0
Start, 1st b	5	1	2	1	7	0	Hague, 3d b	4	1	2	1	2	0
Treacy, l. f	5	0	1	2	0	0	Hallinan, s. s	5	0	1	0	5	0
Craver, 2d b	5	0	1	3	4	1	Gerhardt, 1 b	4	0	1	14	0	3
Hicks, c	4	0	1	3	1	0	Som'rville, 2b	4	0	0	4	7	2
Booth, r. f	4	0	1	0	0	0	Fulmer, c. s	4	0	0	0	0	0
Mathews, p	4	0	0	1	4	0	Bechtel, r. f	3	0	0	2	0	3
Nichols, 3d b	4	0	2	2	3	0	Ryan, l. f	3	0	0	1	0	1
Total	40	2	9	27	12	1	Total	33	2	5	27	15	6

St. Louis	0	0	0	3	6	3	1	1	0	0—17
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned—St. Louis, 3; Athletic, 0. Total bases on hits—St. Louis, 32; Athletic, 4. First base by errors—St. Louis, 6; Athletic, 2. Left on bases—St. Louis, 9; Athletic, 6. Umpire, Warren White of Washington. Time, 2h. 20m.

MUTUAL vs. LOUISVILLE.

The second game of the series between these clubs took place on Thursday, June 1, on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., the attendance not being one-quarter as large as the gathering of Tuesday, though the weather was fine. The Mutuals presented their full strength again, and played a fine game, their fielding errors being few and far between. The Louisvilles put in other players in the place of Gerhardt and Bechtel, Carbine playing at first base and Chapman at right field. Carbine was no improvement on Gerhardt, but Chapman was more active than Bechtel, one overthrow to home-base in the first inning being his only error. The Mutuals led off at the bat, and after Holdsworth had been retired, Start, Treacy and Hallinan made base-hits, and after Craver had had a life given him by Somerville—who threw home badly—Hicks made a three-base hit, which earned three runs off the pitcher and led to four being scored. On the other side, after the first two strikers had been easily put out, Devlin, Chapman and Somerville made single base-hits, a fumble by Treacy letting in an unearned run. This proved to be the first and last run scored by the Louisvilles, the splendid fielding support given Mathews enabling the Mutuals to retire their opponents for blanks during the remainder of the game, and that, too, almost in one-two-three order. In the seventh inning Fulmer led off with a hot ball, which Hallinan found it impossible to hold, a base-hit being scored. Carbine, too, made a base-hit, and on Hallinan's error Fulmer had a life given him, and when Hastings came to the bat three men were on the bases and a run in looked promising, as only one man was out. But Hastings popped up a high fly, which Craver captured, and a prompt throw to Hallinan at second led to a double play and "side out." Base-hits were made in the next two innings, but the sharp fielding of Mathews and Nichols prevented runs. On the Mutual side a run was scored in the fifth inning, through errors by Somerville and Carbine and a dropped fly-ball by Ryan, only one base-hit being scored. In the last inning the Mutuals were put out *in three balls pitched*, the first being fielded by Carbine, and the second and third being caught by Snyder, who played his position in masterly style again. Two fine catches were made by Hastings and a good one by Chapman; Fulmer also taking two balls on the fly well. Devlin led at the bat. On the Mutual side Hicks and Craver made good infield catches, and Treacy took in five good balls in the outfield; Nichols capturing two fouls neatly. Hallinan made some fine stops, not an error being scored by his errors. The game was well umpired again by Mr. Daniels, who has become a favorite in the position.

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holds'th, c f	5	1	4	1	0	0	Hastings, c	4	0	0	11	4	1
Start, 1st b	5	1	2	1	7	0	Hague, 3d b	4	0	0	0	1	1
Treacy, l. f	5	2	1	5	0	1	Devlin, p	4	0	2	0	2	1
Hallinan, s. s	4	1	1	1	2	0	Chapman, r. f	4	1	2	2	0	0
Craver, 2d b	4	1	1	5	2	0	Som'rville, 2b	4	0	0	4	2	0
Hicks, c	4	0	1	3	1	0	Fulmer, c. s	4	0	0	1	2	1
Booth, r. f	4	0	0	2	0	0	Carbine, c. f	4	1	1	1	0	0
Mathews, p	4	0	0	1	4	0	Ryan, l. f	4	0	0	1	0	1
Nichols, 3d b	4	0	2	2	3	0	Ryan, l. f	4	0	0	1	0	1
Total	40	5	9	27	12	1	Total	37	1	9	27	10	7

Mutual	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—5
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1

First base by errors—Mutual, 2; Louisville, 2. Runs earned—Mutual, 3; Louisville, 0. Balls called—On Devlin, 9; on Mathews, 12. Strikes called—From Devlin, 23; from Mathews, 17. Foul bounds—From Devlin, 24; from Mathews, 11. Umpire, Mr. Daniels of Hartford. Time, 1h. 45m.

CONFIDENCE vs. ACTIVE.

The Confidence nine of New Rochelle, N. Y., journeyed to Somerville, Ct., on Decoration Day, and there played the Active Club an interesting game, resulting in a victory for the Confidence by a score of 8 to 2. The Actives treated the visitors in splendid style, for which the Confidence return their thanks.

CONFIDENCE.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.	ACTIVE.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.
Oliver, 1st b	2	3	14	0	0	Dakin, c. f	1	2	2	0	1
Cody, c	1	2	6	5	3	Stanley, p	0	1	3	2	2
Haland, 2d b	1	1	1	3	1	Ward, r. f	0	0	1	0	0
Johnson, 3d b	1	0	0	2	1	Close, 2d b	0	0	2	3	2
Williams, s. s	1	0	1	4	2	Acker, s. s	0	1	2	3	3
King, r. f	2	2	1	0	0	Clark, 1. f	0	0	1	0	0
Dawson, c. f	0	0	0	0	1	Smith, 3d b	0	1	1	2	1
Stern, 1. f	0	0	1	0	0	Pilsey, c	0	0	5	2	5
Davis, p	1	0	2	1	1	Hart, 1st b	0	0	10	0	1
Total	8	9	27	15	9	Total	2	5	27	12	16

Confidence	2	3	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	—8
Active	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—2

Umpire, John W. Hawkins.

JUNIOR REDS vs. LUDLOW.

A fine game was played at Cincinnati, O., May 27, between the Red Stocking Juniors and the Ludlows, it being the first game the former has engaged in, and for that reason the display made by this new team is the more creditable. The score:

LUDLOW.	T.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.	STOCKS.	T.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dillon, 3d b	1	1	1	1	0	2	Voss, c	0	0	0	3	1	2
Baker, r. f	1	1	1	0	0	0	Fisler, c. f	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lockland, c	0	0	0	5	0	0	Newy, 2d b	0	0	2	2	2	0
Griffith, 1st b	0	2	1	9	0	0	Roll, s. s	1	1	1	3	2	0
Conley, 2d b	0	2	2	2	3	1	Mitchell, p	1	1	1	1	2	0
Black, s. s	1	1	1	2	4	0	Wheeler, r. f	0	0	0	2	0	0
Mellish, 1st b	0	0	0	12	0	0	Drain, 1st b	1	0	1	10	0	0
Stiles, c. f	0	0	1	3	0	0	Mcgrue, l. f	0	0	0	3	1	0
Williams, p	1	0	1	1	2	0	Franklin, 3 b	0	0	0	0	2	0
Total	5	8	10	27	12	3	Total	3	4	5	27	12	4

Reds	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	—4
Ludlow	3	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	—6

First base on errors—Reds, 1; Ludlow, 1. Run earned—Reds, 1; Ludlow, 2. Umpire, Philip Young. Time, 1h. 40m.

CHICAGO vs. RHODE ISLAND.

A game was contested at Providence, R. I., May 29, between the above clubs, the amateurs managing to secure two runs while the professionals were rolling up a dozen.

CHICAGO.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.	RHODE ISLAND.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b	0	1	6	2	1	Brady, 2d b	0	2	3	1	2
Hines, c	0	2	10	0	0	Barry, c. f	0	2	2	0	0
Anson, 3d b	2	3	2	3	6	Burns, 3d b	0	0	1	2	2
McVey, 1st b	4	4	11	0	0	Shandley, l. f	0	0	2	0	0
Spalding, p	0	2	0	6	0	Hanlon, s. s	0	0	1	3	1
Addy, l. f	2	1	1	0	0	Tobin, 1st b	0	0	10	0	1
White, c	1	2	4	2	4	Conway, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Peters, s. s	2	2	1	1	0	Keenan, c	0	0	1	1	0
Glenn, 1st b	1	0	0	1	0	Critchley, p	0	1	1	5	0
Total	12	16	27	15	8	Total	0	2	6	7	9

Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	—2
Rhode Island	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	—2

Passed balls—White, 2; Keenan, 4. Earned runs—Chicago, 5; Rhode Island, 1. Umpire, Harry Wright of the Bostons. Time, 1h. 30m.

TECUMSEH vs. MAPLE LEAF.

In our past issue we gave the result of the game in which the Canadian champions were beaten by the Tecumsehs of London, Ont., after a stubborn fight, which lasted through ten innings. The full score is herewith presented:

TECUMSEH.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.	MAPLE LEAF.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ledwith, 3d b	1	1	1	3	0	T. Smith, l. f	1	1	2	0	0
Goldsmith, p	1	2	0	3	3	Lapham, c. f	0	1	2	0	0
Dwyer, 1st b	2	1	9	0	0	Hunter, s. s	0	0	1	0	1
Hunter, r. f	1	0	1	0	0	Maddock, c	2	1	5	2	7
Hornung, s. s	2	2	2	3	1	Myers, 1st b	1	0	11	0	1
Kinsey, c. f	1	2	2	0	0	Emery, r. f	0	0	1	0	0
Gunsolus, c	0	0	10	5	2	Brannock, 3d b	0	1	0	3	2
Latham, 1st b	1	1	11	1	0	Hewer, 3d b	0	0	1	1	0
						W. Smith, p	0	0	2	3	0
Total	8	8	30	15	8	Total	4	5	27	9	11

Tecumseh	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
London	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—2
Guelph	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	1	1	—7

Earned runs—Guelph, 1; London, 2. Umpire, W. Mc-Pherson.

CINCINNATI vs. NEW HAVEN.

A game which up to the seventh inning was very close was contested by these clubs at New Haven May 31. In the first inning an error by Booth gave the New Havens one run, and errors by Nichols and Seward one to the other side. In the fourth an error by Fisher yielded one to the home-nine, and Nichols and Spence allowed one on the other side. In the fifth the New Havens earned one on hits by Waitt and Cassidy. In the seventh, after two were out, a juggle by Cassidy gave Clack a life, and baseknits by Fisher, Kessler, Boyd and Gould, one ball fumbles by Waitt, Pabor and McGee, yielded four runs and decided the game, the New Havens only adding one in the ninth inning on an error by Gould. Fleet and Seward made handsome plays.

CINCINNATI.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.	NEW HAVEN.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kessler, r. f	0	1	1	0	0	0	Fleet, 2d b	0	0	3	2	1
Booth, s. s	2	1	1	3	1		Waitt, r. f	1	2	1	0	2
Gould, 1st b	0	1	11	1	1		Pabor, 1. f	1	1	1	0	0
Jones, c	1	0	1	0	0		Cassidy, 1st b	1	1	13	0	2
Snyder, 1. f	0	0	2	0	0		Seward, c	0	0	8	0	3
Pearson, c	0	0	7	0	2		Spence, 3d b	1	0	1	1	1
Foley, 3d b	0	0	0	3	0		Wright, s. s	0	1	1	1	2
Clack, 2d b	1	0	2	3	3		Nichols, p	0	1	0	1	2
Fisher, p	1	2	0	3	1		McGee, c. f	0	1	0	0	1
Total	6	5	27	13	8	Total	4	8	27	18	14

Cincinnati	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	0	0—6
New Haven	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—4

Runs earned—New Haven, 1; Cincinnati, 0. First base on errors—New Haven, 4; Cincinnati, 7. Struck out—New Haven, 1; Cincinnati, 6. Umpire, Captain Ferguson of the Hartfords. Time, 1h. 52m.

MUTUAL vs. MAPLE LEAF.

The champions of Canada, the Maple Leafs of Guelph, visited Jackson, Mich., May 26, and met the Mutuals of that city in the afternoon. The Kanucks were strengthened by the services of Hun

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, June 5.

LADIES LIST.

Alexander, Sara
Beverley, Mrs. Maude
Blaisdell, Mrs. Wm. B.
Bradley, Leanora
Bradford, Cora
Burke, Mrs. J. M.
Belville, Nellie or Tillie
Briggs, Carrie
Blossom, Mrs. Neely
"Beatrice" (2)
Bowman, Laura
Bloom's Chicago Co., Dora
Carew, Adelina
Carle, Lestie
Celeste, Mlle.
Carroll, Mrs. Jennie
Collins, Eva
Castleton, Mrs. Maggie
Corelli, Blanche
Collins, Mrs. Martha
Crisp, Minnie E.
Durand, Kittie
Durbin, Edna
Deyon, Adele
Daly, Ida
Dalton, Catherine
De Bonnaire, Jennette (trapezeist)
Durrell or Dunell, Miss
Ferguson, Mrs. Della
Forrester, Nellie (vocalist)
Freeth, Nina
Freeman Sisters
Gleason, Alice
Geraldine, Mad.
Gray, Mrs. E. (gymnast)
Holland, Mrs. Effie
Johns
Hogan, Julia
Hall, Albertina
Herbert, Carrie
Hudson, Eliza S.
Jones, Mrs. G. W.
Kellogg, Alice (with Peak Family)
Lawrence, Mrs. Amy
Leigh, Maude
Lessions, Mrs. C.
Loane, Josie A.
Love, Ella
"Little Nell"
Louise, Mlle.
Lewis, Ida
Lenton, Mrs. Herbert
Loftus, Miss Sidney
"Lurline" ("Water Queen")
Levarnie, Carrie
Lawrence, Emma
Le Grad, Irene
Manley, Ella
Mausey, Ida F.
Morton, Ida (2)
Nugent, Mrs. Jas.
Oates, Mrs. J. A.
Peyser, Mrs. David
Price, Fannie B.
Parker, Georgie
Perley, Josephine
Pierce, Emma (of Southern's Co.)(4)
Powell, Amy
Perzollo, Mlle. J.
Phillips, Adelaide
Peak, Fannie
Rainford, Alice
Robinson, Mrs. John
Robinson, Marion
Rood, Nellie
Rabert, Miss M. (of "Zig-Zag" Co.)
Robertson, Minnie
Stowe, Emma (of Mrs. Tees. Co.)
Steele, Nellie
Seaborne, Ada
Stanley, Maude
St. John, Nellie (2)
Smith, Kittie (dansease)
Selwyn, Blanche
Street, Mrs. Martha
Swinburne, Marie
Sheldon, Ella
Theldon, Mrs. Annie Ward
Turner, Miss Frankie
Taylor, Mrs. Herbert
Vane, Alice
Vernon, Hattie
Valade, Fannie
Wells, Minnie
Wentworth, Lottie
Washburn, Mrs. Emma
Washburn, Mrs. Emma
Western, Lucille
West, Ester
Wood, Carrie
Wade, Jennie
Zoerner, Anna
Zephr, Millie (song-and-dance)
Zoula, Millie

GENTLEMAN'S LIST.

Allen, D. R.
Ainsley, "Ned"
Anderson, Geo. A.
Aiken, Frank
Austin, Chas. and Carrie Sc.
Attwood, Harry
Allcrup, Peter S.
Aidine, E. (clown, etc.)
Breyer, John F.
Blake, A. B.
Burke, J. M. (of "Bull Bill" Co.)
Bradini, — (female-impersonator, Mrs. (song-and-dance)
Brennan, R. A. (2)
Brannan, A.-G.
Berwyn, C. Sam, Prof.
Baugh, Mr. (of Pastor's Co.)
Brown, David
Byrne, Fred
Beeman, E. M.
Bowron, W. L.
Blackford, Jas. J.
Baugh, Thos. (musician)
Brennan, R.
Burt, Clarence
Barlow Bros.
Blanchard, W. E. (2)
Bush, I. T.
Baker, E. H.
Bagley, Wm.
Backus, Chas.
Barnum, P. T. &c.
Brunnaux, Emile
Bailey, Jos. (of Internal. Cir.)
Brooks, Geo.
Baker, Jno. (late of Cincinnati)
Blossom, Jas. & Ed.
Bode, H. (of Gt. Southern Cir.)
Barnabee Concert Co.
Bloodgood, Harry
Blood, Col. J. H.
Blanche, F. L.
Blind Tom's Manager
Bernabee, H. C.
Benson, Frank (of Harrigan & Hart)
Burke, J. M. (late of Easton, Pa.)
Braham, Harry (comed., etc.)
Byron, Fred. and Lizzie
Cordra, Harry
Carroll, Chas. H.
Castello, Geo.
Carter, J. Sumner
Collins, Frank (of Collins Bros.)
Cook & Magniley
Cassell, Arch.
Cook's English Cir., Prop.
Cook, J. (pres. "E. B. A.")
Crossley, J. T.
Collins, Lew & Johnson & Pruno
Campbell, J. K. "Chairs"
Cawthorne, Herbert S.
Cambridge, A. G.
Coushing, Jos. (of U. S. Circus)
Cromwell, Fred. (lecturer)
Coleman, John
Coatinoe, D. A.
Cottrell, Frank G.
Chappelle, W. J.
Coon, C. S.
Curtis, Chas. W.
Cogswell, W. J.
Clifford, "Ned"
Clark, Harry G.
Clark, "Doc" (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Clark, Ed. (of Clark Bros.)
Cressville, J. A.
Clarke, H. (Dutch & Irish "biz")
Coleman, E. H.
Calander, Mr.
Chalest, J. C.
De Raine, John
Dingess, John A.
Day, D. (musician)
De Vere
Daly, M. C.
Dobson, H. G.
Durand, Wm. W.
Dupre, Chas. H. (2)
Dailey, T. F.
Dunspaugh, H. F.
Douglass, Prof. J. S.
Derby, H. W.
Dearborn, J. W.
Dalton, H. (of Furbish's Co.)
Demot, Jas. (of Welch, Miles & Co. Cir.)
Douglas, Prof. (third imitator)
Davenport, R. G.
Deshamy & Cummings
Deagle, Geo. J.
Dyer, Admiral
Dillon, Jno. (comed.)
Davis, Scott
Dutton, Wm.
Dobson, F. E.
Edwards, Thos. (late with F. Ufner)
Elder, Wm. (of Pastor's Co.)
Elliott, R. (sidewhoop "biz")
Emidy, F. (with Callender)
Eldridge, Chas. E.
Fiske, Mose
Fish, J. Spencer
Fuller, Hugh H.
Frederick, Geo.
Fox, C. F. (gymnast)
Foley, Chas. (song-and-dance)
Ferguson, "Barney"
Fox, Harry
Fox, Charles F.
Frary, Ricardo
Fortesque, Geo. K.
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Fair, Geo. A.
Franklyn, Harry B.
Fostelli, Chas. (2)
Fleury, Fernando
Florence, Geo. (manager)
Fallen, Lawrence P. Sc.
Gilbert, J. M. (with Lannier)
Girard, Russell
Griffin, J. (of Griffin & Rice)
Gilday, Chas. (2)
Glassford, Jr., Andrew
Gorman, Jno. (Dutch "biz")
Grayburn, R. D.
Garrison, Wm. H.
Gillman, J. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Greenwood, Harry
Gray, Geo. (of May Fisk's Co.)
Gaylor, Geo. W.
Ginty, Thos. E.
Griffin, M. A.
Gallego, Jas. (with J. O. Owens)
Gilbert, M. B.
Gardner, J. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Gilmore, J. F.
Gee, Jos. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Gayton, Frank
Gibbons & Davenport
Gary, Harry W.
Goodyear, Chas.
Heywood Bros.
Hand, Wm. (song-and-dance)
Hanley, M. W.
Hollingshead, F. A.
Hall, Mills
Huber, Gust.
Howe, Rockwood M.
Hamilton, Theo.
Hammond, Geo.
Hess, C. D.
Howard, Rollin
Hutchinson, Asa B.
Harris, D. J.
Harper, Colored Minst., H.
Hapwood, J. (of N. Y. Serenaders)
Hart, F. (of Cole's Cir.)
Henderson, Wm
Hannah's Dog Show
Hale, Chas. (of Furbish's Co.)
Hudson, Geo. B.
Hinshaw, T. W. (boy actor)
Hunter, Frank
Hall, John ("props.")
Hicks, Geo. (with Washburn)
Holand, Harry
Hager, Wm.
Hammond, John
Hayes, "Tim"
Henderson, G. C. ("fakir")
Haviland, E. C.
Hosea, Frank
Howe, Geo. F. (3)
Robinson, Jas. (circus prop.)
Howe, E. L.
Rickaby, John (2)
Rogers, Lorain
Rankin, McKee
Robinson, Ed. ("bones")
Rush, John
Hall, H. (late of Volke's Garden)
Hess, C. D.
Hernandez, Arthur
Hassell, Jas. "Hank"
Jackson, Hart (author)
Johannoff, C. 10c.
Jones, J. (musician) 18c.
Jackson, B. F.
Jefferson, Thos. (banjoist)
Kennedy, H. (veneer-triloquist)
Kaye, Wm.
Keeslin, Chas. H.
Kennedy, Fred. A. B.
Kedder, C. W.
Kaufmann, Max.
Lyle, Wm. E.
Lawrence, John
Leavitt, M. B.
Levanion, Bros. (3)
Lang, Joseph
Lavin, Peter
Lloyd, M. C. A.
Laizer, Mons. (2)
Lamy or Lory, Rose (candy "biz")
Leak, S. A.
Lawler, Frank
Little, J. Z.
Lewis, D. (of D. Stephens' Co.)
Leavitte's Bell-ringers
Langrishe, J. S.
Lynch, J. C.
Leopold, Frank (gymnast)
Lewis, — (of Heywood Bros.)
Rohchill's Cir.)
Leopold, Jno. W.
Lester, Wm. (of "Big 4")
Leslie, Fred. (of Rothchild's Cir.)
Leon, Prof. (of Murray's)
Luca, Alex. A.
Lent, L. B.
Laizer, Wm. V.
Little, Richd. Sc.
Mitchell, Geo. W.
Miaco, Wm. 6c.
Mack, Myles
McEvoy, Fred (Irish comed.)
Marint, Sig. (with Heywood Bros.)
Morris, W. W. (of Georgia Minst.)
McGill, W. (with "Mr. of Ireland")
Maguire, Jno. (recitals)
Magic
Miles, Wm. G.
Miaco, V. E.
Mayon, Theophil.
McCracken, Wm.
Mausey, Jean B.
MacEvoy, Chas.
Mann, S. (of Germany)
Maas, James
Morris, Al. (pantomimist)
Mordaunt, Frank
Marrow, Herbert
Morris, T. (of "Gilded Age" Co.)
Mack, F. (of Murphy & Mack)
Mabie, J. F.
McDonald, G. (of Front-at-t., Balt.)
Morgan, Matt.
Mack, F. H. (manager.)
McFadden, J. (calliope juggler)
Mumford, Chas.
Mervine, Geo.
Maya, Lorenzo
Masaroo, Theo.
Misco, Alfred
Morrissey, Jno.
Minz, Chas.
Miller, Frank (agent)
McCue, H. L.
Marsden, E. (flutist)
Morrissey, J. (with "Harp of Erin")
McDonald, G. F.
Maurice, Wm.
Morsins, G.
Mask, I. G.
Mowchel, Louis
Mafflit, Jas. (pantomimist)
McDonough, J. E. (of McWade's Co.)
Murphy, J. E. (of Murphy & Mack)
Mooney, Ed.
Montague, Harry "Magic"
Mulligan, James
Miles, W. H.
Nixon, N.
Nash, Dani.
Norton, Wash. (2)
Nugent, J. E.
Norton, N. (of Cook's Cir.)
Northrup, Chas. L.
Nunn, W. (of Nunn Bros.)
Nash, John Jolly
Orrin, G. W.
Omohoondro, J. B. "Optician" (2)
Ogden, B. D'Orsay
Olney, Frank
O'Reardon, M.
Odell, Wm.
Ogden, J. E.
Price, Edwin
Pike, Maurice
Paul, W. M.
Patten, M.
Patterson, W. H.
Pillot, F. J.
Price, Mark
Parker, Louis
Pontine, H. C.
Perah, James
Parsons, Harry
Pritchard, Dobt.
Pollock, A. J. A.
Perry, Capt. C. M. (2)
Perry, W. R. or W. K.
Pierson, H. (of Sothern's Co.)
Pholtz, Jos.
Powers, John H.
Peel, Wm.
Rickaby, John "Ready"
Reynolds, Wm. B.
Robbins, J. E.
Roland, Harry
Russell, Sol. S.
Ryan, James
Rooney, Patrick
Reano, Prof. J. R. or F. R.
Rainforth, Harry E.
Reese, Frank
Rowe, Geo. F. (3)
Robinson, Jas. (circus prop.)
Rowe, E. L.
Rickaby, John (2)
Rogers, Lorain
Rankin, McKee
Robinson, Ed. ("bones")
Rush, John
Hall, H. (late of Volke's Garden)
Hess, C. D.
Reanecke, Matt.
Russell, Mark C.
Roberts, Col. N. D.
Robinson, H. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Robinson, J. S. (of Howe's Cir.)
Rothwell, T. G. (2)
Rivers, John C.
Sothern's Manager, E. A.
Stout, J. (of Harvey's Minst.)
Sheffer & Nelson
Sutten, John P.
Slater, Fred H.
Stickney, Robt.
Siegel, Fred. & Emily
Seals, A. Rich.
Stevens, J. Ogden (2)
Seamon, Chas.
Scott, Walter
Stubbs, J.
Sweet, Stephen H.
Spencer & Delma
Stuart, Edwin
Scott, A. B.
Strebinger, Fred.
Strehlaw, Louis
Stanton, M. (of Tony Pastor's Co.)
Stuttz, J. G. (2)
Srakosch, Max.
Shedman, W. (gymnast)
Stanton, Wm.
Sayler, J. W.
Smith, W. H. (with Heywood Bros.)
Stubbs, Stoker
Seymon, Chas.
Shull, W. H.
Stonsbourne, C. (2) Sc.
Stone, "Den"
Smith, S. S.
Southern, F.
Seymour, O. T.
Shirley, Harry
Sothern, Geo. (2)
Smith, D. H. (with Dup. & Rened.)
Spencer, Chas. (of Mack & Spencer)
Southgate, Walter
Sadler, T. (song and dance)
Smith, F. D. (of Wildman's Co.)
Siawson, Walter
Townsend, J. (of Irwin's Co.
Taylor, Harry
Taylor, J.
Tukham, Joseph
Tryon, Henry C.
Thurman, Heinrich
Taylor, Geo. A.
Thal, Max. M.
Triggame, Mr. 10c.
Throgmorton, H. D.
Treiver, John
Terschak, Herr 15c.
Villapigue, J. M.
Vanderpoer, G. H.
Vilis, S. B.
Villers, Chas.
Volna, George
Ware, George
Warner, John E.
Wells, Harry C.
Wyse, F. M. (2)
Willis, Richard (musician)
Wildman, Fred. 3c.
Wagner, Max.
Warde, Fred. B.
Ward, J. W. (of Rothchild's Cir.)
Watson, W. (manfish)
Wilton, Ed.
Whitmore, F. C.
Weaver, S. F.
Wood, Geo. (Wyman's agent)
Wing, Chas.
Ward, J. M. (Irish comed.)
Wetherby, Leon
Walters, Geo. W.
Williams, F. (of South. Dram. Co.)
White, T. E.
Wheaton, Paul
White, R. C.
Williams, J. H.
Williamson, T. R.
Wells, Harry C.
Welling, A. (late of Welling & Minst.)
Willard, Frank
Washburn, S. S.
Welling, H. H.
Young, Horace
Young, Chas. W.
York, Harry

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, June 5, '76.

The theatrical event of the season is the trip across the continent by Palmer & Jarrett's male train, the object being the translation of "Henry V" from the metropolis of the Atlantic section to the rising young giant of the Pacific slope. When John Brougham and his company performed in New York and Philadelphia on the same night, great wonder was *expressed* as well as the genial John. The train rattled along the iron track that ties the two largest cities in the Union to the State of New Jersey, and thus prevents the latter from being left astray; and bonfires lit up the dark confines of the arid wastes of the sands of the isles of Jersey, while signal fires from the heights of her mountain ranges [Mountain ranges *sounds* better, although there are none in this section, the land being flat and uninviting.—ED.] struck terror to the soul of the wayworn traveler, and caused the multitude to come from their tenements, and gather by the river o'er which the thundering train was to be conveyed on the wings of mighty winds. It was a glorious sight! And when John and his merry, merry men appeared upon the boards of the Continental Theatre the sounds that arose shook the building to its centre, and warmed the hearts of the grand galaxy of talent that burst upon the astonished view of the fiery drabs of the Quaker City. But it was not that fiying trip across a single State to awake the tender sympathies of the freeman of that day, what shall be said of the marvelous journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific in half a week, as "Our Jim" facetiously expresses it? O happy Palmer & Jarrett! No pent-up Jersey their power impairs, for the whole boundless continent is theirs. In our mind's eye we can see the noble red man scenting the coming train afar off, while visions of gory scalps uplift his yearning thoughts to deeds of glory and of valor; and as the iron horse, with its sinuous train, threads its meandering way along the confines of Mormon-land, we can fancy we see the forms of many wives of the elders and the Young-ers casting themselves headlong before the coming mess, and shouting aloud to be wafted on to the promised land, where woman's love requited is, and married rites are respected. Ah, well may the reformed poets of Utah exclaim: "There's nothing half so sweet in life as Fenny's *love dream!*" What the effect of this lightning-stroke may be time alone can determine. Were it not for the great expense attending such hurried trips, every combination in the land would be seen rushing across the continent at breakneck speed, and fighting their battles in

THE RIVAL HOUSES.

McCullough called on Jarrett,
And said, "With speed now car it,"
While Wade he sought to bar it
With Rignold to the fore;
And thus between these two men,
Rivalry with good and true men,
This *rushing* will undo men—
When King Henry *walks* no more!

.....Every day adds to the number of managers coming to the city, some on business, some on pleasure bent; and as they mingle and discuss the prospects of the next season, no one has any well-defined notion of what the public demand is likely to be. A few will continue to sink or swim with the legitimate, while other some will keep on the even tenor of their way, and survive or perish with the sensational or emotional; and as we survey the meeting of our stage devotees, we find that while the society and melo drama maintains its hold upon the public confidence, we also discover that the variety element still has its victories no less renowned than those of the warlike opera-bouffe. At the best, the season now closing was about the worst experienced in many years—not here alone, but in almost every section of this free and enlightened land. Not only was this the case with the drama, but the circus, minstrelsy, and miscellaneous combinations experienced the bitter effects of a disastrous campaign. In this connection, while touching upon the vicissitudes of a dull season, permit us to make brief allusion to *some* people's idea of

GOOD BUSINESS.

Some actors were from a company
Discharged the other day;
Jim says their business must be good—
They're *starving people* away!

.....What do we think of Offenbach? Well, while we enjoy his music as interpreted by other musicians, we cannot see much to admire in the man as a conductor pure and simple. Is he a great success? No. The meagre attendance at his opening concerts, and the reduction of prices at his late ones, go to show that his bouffe-opera is admired more than the composer. If Brother Offenbach were to appear in a series of his operas, and enact some of the outrageous characters he has invented, he might be accepted as an addition to the musical novelties of the season; but to see a talented man standing up before an intelligent audience and wielding a baton as he squirms and wriggles in his peculiar style enthusiasm and vexation, is not a very pleasing exhibition, especially as we have our own conductors who can run the gamut on the acrobatic scale to perfection, and get as much out of the bass-drum and tinkling cymbals as any other man. Will the speculation pay? Not much—the enterprising managers who brought him from a foreign shore might make more money if an opportunity was offered them to hedge. And so, with these trite remarks on the man and the times, we propose to conjure up sundry rhymes on

MARTIAL MUSIC.

Says Offenbach to Shook, the other day,
"Your people's taste for music must be queer—
Your hotels are supported, so they say,
By myriad drummers who expenses pay,
And do it grandly, too, I hear.
Now, where's the use of *drummers* in such force?
Drums are at best but rattlebang affairs.
What do they play to? Some melody, of course?"
"Yes," says Shook; "they accompany, old hoss,
The melody of our hotel clerks' *clerks*."

And talk about hotel attaches and other "lifts in life," said Jim, pointing to the stage-manager of the Furbish troupe at the Grand Central, the other day, "Why, that man's *Ben Porter in a hotel?*".....The difference between the audience at the Summer opening of Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, and the opening itself is, that one was *a sea of heads*, and the other *a notion of Hart's*.....And this reference to the Summer season reminds us that Haverly's New Orleans Minstrels, who now travel altogether by *Foote*, opened a *Bath* room on June 1, and the jolly *Bath-ers* were so delighted that they coolly call for more of the same sort. *Haverly-ite* patience, friends, and all will be well.....When one calmly takes in the nude statuary and paintings at the Centennial Exposition—which, by the way, is a questionable exposure of the nudities, although we are aware that to the pure *all* things are pure—the wonder is that Mr. Comstock has not long ago interposed his remonstrance, and had more clothes put on the statues. What other evidence of the purity of our people could we desire than to observe the watchful and wrapt attention ladies as well as gentlemen bestow upon these works of art in all their naked depravity! Would it not be more proper to call Memorial Hall a *school of design?* Isn't the plea that the property of the modern "moral wax-figgers" added the wax statue of Piper to his collection? This church-yard fiend, the murderer of little Mabel Young, and perpetrator of numerous other crimes, took his sentence and execution as coolly as if he did not understand the terrible force of the law in his case.

LINES.

Piper recklessly aired his wit
As if the law with visage grim
Never troubled him one single bit;
He could not get the *hang* of it
Until it got the *hang of him!*

.....We find that bootblacks are, as a class, great admirers of the terpsichorean art, and that feature of it which pleases them most is the *Polish dance!*.....The stellar attraction at Wood's Museum this week is Miss Marian *Stella*, who, under the careful training of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Boniface, bids fair to become a popular favorite here as she is in other cities where she has performed.....'Coolest theatre in the city" is now in order; otherwise "closing up for repairs" is the motto. And talking about mottoes, a proper one for English music-hall artists is—"One good turn deserves another."....Among the many important advertisements in last week's CLIPPER was one which should enlist the attention of politicians who, about this time, are preparing to change their coats—several hundred uniforms were offered for sale by a regiment who had no further use for them. This reporter has a particular fancy for one of the Presidential conventions are in abeyance, and when wire-pullers and the bone and sinew are on the fence.....Would it be out of order to call the proprietor of a "living statuary combination" a *model* juggler?.....But if you *admire* statuary, you can have your desires gratified by a visit to the Art department of the Centennial Exhibition. Here may be seen every variety, from the puralibus naturalibus to the coverupibus alloveribus, which cannot be said of every model-artist exhibition. Bear with us, dear friends, while we lay bare the motive of the exposition, as thus:

"MILLIONS IN IT."

The international show we see
Is grand, without a doubt;
"There's millions in it," we'll agree:
But wouldn't we all be happy,
Could we get millions *out?*

.....It is reported that Kin-a-boo-yne, one of the cannibals imported by Barnum a few years ago, is shortly to be married to a young German girl in this city. If it may please the court, we forbid the banns! *Why?* Because we have no guarantee that this cannibal, *being* a man-eater, may not turn out to be a woman-eater as well. We shall apply to Judge Pratt for a stay of proceedings.....*The New York Herald* having gravely asserted that New York is the only city where the success of the Centennial could be long made certain, *The Philadelphia Inquirer* with malicious cruelty asks why New York didn't make a success of its Crystal Palace World's Fair in 1853? This is *not* fair.....One by one our theatres are dropping out for the season. Booth's closed with the close of May, a performance being given on that day for the benefit of Lawrence Barrett; the San Francisco Minstrels sang the minstrel's last lay June 3d, and will now go on another lay for the Summer months; the Eagle closed its regular season on the same date; and the Union-square will shut up June 10.....Among the pieces performed last week at Gilmore's Garden was one called "Concert-itis." The erudite James affects to believe that the habitues were in sympathy with the motive of this *concert-stuck* composition.....The Park Theatre, like Dickens' doll's dressmaker, is "trying on" a limited season; but things are all in the *dark* at this house, and even the lamentations of "Uncle Tom" fail to bring the family-circle to tiers. Lines apropos of what is going on there:

AT THE "PARK"

You'll see perennial Uncle Tom
Groaning beneath the despot's thrall;
You'll hear the tyrant crack his whip,
And see Eliza at all.
You'll see brave George do doughty deeds
Gainst *Harris* stock-racy so nervy;
You'll watch the *Sloats'* ancient songs
And Mrs. H. go *Topsy* turvey!

CITY SUMMARY.

THE BRIAN FAMILY, consisting of the Misses Marian and Isabel and Mr. J. F. Brian, and a magician, who styles himself the Comte De Cagliostro, made their American debut in the Globe Theatre, May 29. Miss Marian Brian sang comic songs, which were favorably received. J. F. Brian gave a character-song entitled "Dancing Mad," hitherto frequently performed in this country. The various styles of grotesque dancing exhibited elicited liberal applause, and for the performer a recall, when he gave further proof of his ability by singing a comic song. Miss Isabel Brian sang popular songs, and was several times recalled. All of these performers were seen at their best in an operetta styled "Noodles," Miss Marian impersonating a demon, Miss Isabel a young peasant girl, and Mr. Brian a rustic lover. The music, of which there was a liberal quantity, consisting of solos, duets and concerted pieces, was well sung, and the entire entertainment proved attractive. The Comte De Cagliostro performed quite deftly a number of difficult magical feats, which pleased the spectators. Although he introduced nothing absolutely new, he gave evidence that he was an adept in his profession. The programme also included "Hamlet" brought in his specialty of "The Merry Minstrel;" Billy Barry in songs-and-dances and a burlesque speech, which created much merriment; and the sketches "Just from Seacaucus" and "Jim Crow Alive," which introduced Bob Hart, George F. McDonald, Eugene Blitz and Miss Effie. There was a large increase in the attendance the past week.

LAWRENCE BARRETT received a benefit at Booth's Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, May 31, when he acted the title-role in "David Garrick," which was followed by the fourth act of "The Merchant of Venice," with E. L. Davenport as Shylock, Charles R. Thorne Jr. as Gratiano, Joseph F. Wheelock as Bassanio, and Miss Sara Jewett as Portia, the performances concluding with the farce of "Jones' Baby," with Stuart Robson in the chief character.

BRET HARTE has written a comedy-drama for Stuart Robson, which will be produced at the Union-square Theatre in August next. The action takes place in California during the early days of the influx of gold-seekers.

JOHN T. RAYMOND and Manager Henry E. Abbey arrived in town during the past week.

ANOTHER TRAPEZE ACCIDENT.—Leona Le Clair, while performing on the trapeze with her husband, in Robinson Hall, on the night of Wednesday last, fell from the flies to the stage, receiving severe injuries. She was at once removed into an adjoining room, physicians were summoned, and she was attended by them until an early hour the following morning. Later intelligence states that no bones were broken, and her injuries are not so serious as they were at first believed to be. Her speedy recovery is looked for.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES the past week an attractive programme was presented, the most attractive features of which were ballads sung by Emily Prior; Andy Scott in songs-and-dances; male character songs by Mlle. Bertha, Signor Antonio and Minnie Hall; Mlle. Bertha, Signor Antonio and Minnie Hall; Mlle. Bertha, Signor Antonio and Minnie Hall;

THE CLOSING WEEK of the season at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., has been a very enjoyable one, the programme being well selected and thoroughly interesting, wrote our correspondent on June 4, continuing: "The farce of 'Two Can Play at One Game' opened the entertainment, Harry Bloodgood shining in his specialty of Cupid. Lena Rivers followed in several choice vocal selections, and James Bradley gave his act, 'John Monahan's Donkey.' Then came Minnie Palmer and N. C. Goodwin Jr. in the farce of 'Stage-struck,' in which the latter gave his imitations of actors. Larry Tooley in Dutch songs-and-dances, and the Leotards in their gymnastic performances, came next; and Bloodgood, John Wild, and Andy Leavitt appeared in the extremely comical 'Balm o' Gileads.' The Austins followed in their skillful and graceful lighting Zenave drill, and Bradley, John Kernell, and Harry Bennett, the Irish Three, appeared as the 'O'Hoolahan, o'Shaughnessy and Muldoon.' Seamon and Somers in acrobatic songs-and-dances, and the sketch of 'One, Two, Three,' with Wild, Bloodgood and Leavitt, closed the performance and the season. On Monday Haverly's Minstrels inaugurate the Summer season.....Moffit & Tyler's Troupe opened the Globe Summer season on Monday in 'Humpty Dumpty.' The piece is pretty much like that shown here by Fox a year or two ago, with some new material, and with James Mafitt as clown. There is an excellent variety act introduced into the piece, in which Herrmann the magician performs his remarkable feats, Louise Boshell (who is also a most charming Columbine) appears in her remarkable wire act, and the Alvonzo Brothers and Louise Franklin appear. The pantomime is well placed upon the stage.....At the Boylston Museum the Poole Brothers, pedestal cloggists; Kitty Stanley, W. J. Stanton, Phil Heath, ventriloquist; Lucy Adams, Guy Linton, the Carlton Sisters, Harry Leland, Bob Sanford and Walley Gibbs are the attractions, together with the burlesque of 'William Tell with a Vengeance.'.....A benefit is to be given to the Faulkner-Regan Crew at Music Hall Monday night, June 5, at which N. C. Goodwin Jr., Minnie Palmer, J. J. Sullivan, Bennett and Kernell, C. H. Clarke, T. McCarthy, Dugan and Cosgrove, Fagan and Redman, Dan and Eddy Daly, Harry Bloodgood, Andy Leavitt, N. D. Jones, Mrs. Fred Williams and T. Hollahan are to appear."

VARIETY NEWS from St. Louis, Mo., to June 3 is sent by our correspondent as appended: "The Summer season at the Comique commenced May 28, a good audience being in attendance. Dick Parker and Otto Burbank appeared in 'Original Music,' Burbank's jig being the feature. Fanny Montague sang serio-comic songs, and received a double encore. Frank and Carrie Lavarnie did 'The Musical Servants,' in which Carrie impersonates a tenor and Frank is seen as a prima donna. Burt Clark's Dutch songs-and-dances were well rendered. Collini's ballet appeared in new dances. Johnson and Bruno's songs-and-dances are always welcome. The best feature of the programme was Harry Kennedy, whose ventriloquial efforts keep every one in the best of humor. The Hennessy Bros. danced a good clog. Belle Celeste and Frank Munroe appeared to advantage in a trapeze act. The performance concluded with the sketch of 'Weston the Walkist.' Johnson and Bruno and Burt Clark close June 3. To open 4: Murphy and Morton, John Le Clair, and Clarke and Emerson. .....The entertainment at the Adelphi consisted of a female-minstrel scene, with Barry Maxwell and J. C. Murphy on the ends; songs-and-dances by Crumley and De Forrest; Irish lilt by Ida Fox; Harry Mendell in Dutch songs-and-dances; Thomas Murphy in a clog; serio-comic vocalisms by Chrissie Morrell; Barry Maxwell in his excellent old-man sketches; the Jubilee Singers in plantation songs; and Harry Mendell's sketch of 'Hans Bloomenshine.' Business reported to be improving. J. C. Murphy closes June 3. Budworth and Kaye are to open 4."

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Long Branch, N. J., has not yet been let, but Louis Schmulling states that it can be rented on reasonable terms. Address as per card.

KELLY AND RYAN, Irish sketch artists, who are now performing with success at the new National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., request managers desiring to arrange time for the season of 1876 and '77 to address their agents, Messrs. Sleeper & Thompson. A list of their sketches, etc., is published in our business department.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to June 2 is sent as below by our correspondent: "The various halls over the canal do a steady Summer business. The only changes in the Eldorado since last report have been the closing of Carr and Barton, and the engagement of Lizzie Shelton, a neat little vocalist and dancer, and Blanche Bankers, vocalist.....at the Adelphi the company this week embraces Ned Reed, W. J. Daly, Charles Gallagher, Dan Griffin, Ada St. Clair, Blanche Daly and Ella Stewart. Gussie Luando performed three nights and left. The Dalys go to Detroit 3. The Smith Sisters are underlined for Heinck's Hall are Agnes Sutherland, the Scotch vocalist; Leo and Leon, gymnasts; Volney, contortionist; the La Roche Family and Herr Roland.....Loewen Garden is an open-air Summer theatre conducted in German..... At Germania Hall are some German performers and the Miller Children, song-and-dance..... The company at Shickling's Garden is at present all German, but English specialties would be welcome. The habit of giving mixed English and German programmes at some of these halls has become popular..... The new appearances at the National Theatre Comique 29th ult. were Lulu Francis, an attractive vocalist; Fields and Morris, Dutch Comiques, who recently played a very lingering engagement at the Eldorado; Dora Stanley, a capital Irish vocalist, and M. D. Lacy, in the sensational drama of 'The Convict's Vengeance.' A number of young ladies in living statuary were also a feature. Mons. and Mme. D'Omer took a benefit 1st, when Volney, Charley Gardner, Amy Lloyd, and others volunteered. The business has been light. The departures 3 are to be: Searles, Beggs, Cummings and Hynes, Master Haney and M. D. Lacey. To appear 5: A. Z. Chipman, Marsh Adams and Nellie Clark."

THE NEW FACES at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, on May 29, were the Victorellis in their gymnastic and trapeze acts, Lizzie Braddon and Miss Virginia Townsend in serio-comic vocalism, Harry Hall in swell songs and cornet solos, and Prof. Garcia in operatic selections. The Clark Brothers and Myles Morris open on the 5th of June. Business continues good.

THE VARIETY SEASON at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, under the management of John C. Noonan, came to a premature close on the 31st ult., after a couple of performances only. Ernest and Gerald Byne, Miss Annie Hindle, Estelle and Miss Madeline Hardy were included in the company performing there.

AT MCKEE'S CREMORNE GARDEN, Paterson, N. J., business has been good during the past week. Huber and Glidden failed to connect in consequence of sickness, and James W. Ellis filled the gap with his character songs. The Suydam Brothers were well received. Alice Bennett and Fanny Reynolds received a number of encores, which they deserved. Maggie Le Clair and Lulu Wentworth are faultless, the former in songs-and-dances, and the latter in singing and banjo soles. The Cooper Brothers in songs-and-dances and Hughey Haggerty as an end-man and in Dutch eccentricities well earned the receptions they received. Departures 3: Fanny Reynolds, Brooklyn; Suydam Brothers, Newark; Hughey Haggerty, New York; Cooper Brothers, Newark; Maggie Le Clair, New York. Announced to appear 5: Carrie Lewis, Huber and Glidden, Morton and Ryan, Mamie French, and J. H. Cook. Letter ot the 3d.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Cincinnati, O., can be rented through Davis & Co., dramatic agents, of that city.

AT THE ADELPHI, Toledo, O., May 29, the new people were Annie and Andy Hughes, who met with a fine reception in their Irish acts, and the Barlow Bros., who made a good hit in their jig and their burlesque set-to is very funny. This is their first appearance since the younger has recovered from a severe illness. Lou Sanford, who performed at the Comique a short time ago, and Flora McDonald in Scotch songs, also appeared. On June 2 R. J. Lent had a benefit at the Opera-house, which drew a good-sized audience. On that evening Lulu Delmay appeared, and carried the house by storm; she is pretty, elegantly dressed, and is an excellent serio-comic. The bill also included Lew Spencer in Dutch business; Annie Fox, who is a favorite; Murphy and Mack, who appeared in their Irish acts; and Erba Robeson, a little lady who possesses a good voice of considerable compass. The Adelphi was also kept running a carriage plying between the places. Closing 3: The Fox Weavers, Andy and Annie Hughes, to Shelby's, Buffalo, and Lou Sanford. Opening 5: Samuel and Maud Sanyeah, Lulu Delmay, Erba Robeson, Emma Lulu, Ella Stowe, and Chas. H. McCaslin.....At the Comique the only arrival was Letha Weber in ballads. This place closed for one week, reopening June 12. May Hawthorn goes to Detroit, Budworth and Kaye to St. Louis. Advices of June 3.

MRS. GEORGE STEPHENS, the mother of the minstrel performer professionally known as Harry Stanwood, died in Cobourg, Ont., May 26, at the age of 76 years.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS occupied the boards of the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., June 2 and 3. The attendance was not commensurate with the merits of the troupe. Our correspondent says: "Their first part is a gem, the singing of the quartet, which includes Messrs. Dixon, Roe, Rapier, and Frillman, being the best by a minstrel troupe we ever listened to. The ends are filled by Mitt. G. Barlow and George Wilson, who are both first-class. John H. Stout admirably fills the interlocutor's chair, while the eight instrumentalists, under the direction of W. W. Barlow, are thoroughly competent. In addition to those before mentioned, there appeared in the olio Bernardo the burlesque prima-donna; John Harris, banjoist; W. H. West, an excellent dancer; and Cool Burgess, whose abilities are too well known to require comment. This organization opens at the Howard, Boston, Mass., June 5, for three weeks.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, in the New Chicago (Ill.) Theatre, did a fair business the past week. Pat Rooney, Johnson and Bruno, and Billy Gray are deserving of special mention. The first-named is the only one who has appeared in this theatre before

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M. W. CANNING.

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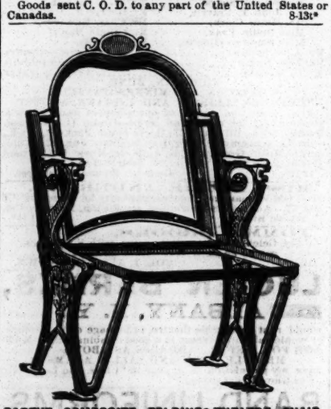
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